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—NEW— FEATURES

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VOLUME LVII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1889. NUMBER 23.

Poetry.

CONSTANTLY.

STEPHEN MASSETT IN "TO-DAY."

HERE never was a love like mine;
For since my darling went away,
There has not passed a night or day,
Through winter's snow or summer's shine,
But he is with me Constantly!

Not in the flesh, when I could clasp
His manly form or hear him speak
In gentlest tones, or kiss my cheek,
Or sing to me in merry mood,
As when he first so sweetly wooed,
Not night nor day he is with me, Constantly!

And so 'twill be until we meet
One morn in the bright, golden street,
Waiting the time. This mortal frame
I consecrate unto his name,
My heart unmoved, untouched, unwon,
Until the weary days are done,
When he'll be with me Constantly!

And now I feel he's writing there!
For something in the stuff of air
Wafts fresh earthwards, and the stir
Of angels' wings comes in my dreams,
And from the violet-fringed, silvery streams
A loving message comes to me,
My lonely, poor, and heart to cheer,
And in soft, spirit-tones I hear,
Darling, you'll soon be with me
Constantly."

IN THE DARK.

When I kissed her one night in the hallway
'Twas so dark that nothing was plain;
And not being sure but I'd missed her,
Why, 'twas right I should kiss her again.

There was darkness on everything round us,
I was reaching in vain for the door,
And the while I was seeking an exit
It so happened I kissed her some more.

And I wasn't quite sure as I left her,
As to whether she liked it or not;
But I know that I sighed to be back there
The farther away that I got.

And the next time I called it so happened
That we stood in that hallway once more;
And the gaslight fell over and round us
As I quietly moved to the door.

But her red cheeks so roguishly dimpled,
And her eyes shown so wickedly bright,
That I guessed where her thoughts were astraying,
And I reached up and turned out the light.

ARTHUR STEVENS.

BIRTHDAYS.

ÆTAT 5.

When first I count my scanty years,
Now heart, how eyes know stuff of tears;
And loving friends, with merry call,
Bid every hour with blessings fall;
I chide the lagging hours that run
So slow, so slow from sun to sun;
My heart, with hungry eagerness,
I long for Time to make me old!

ÆTAT 50.

With eyes that scarce can see for tears,
Sadly I watch the flitting years—
So swift they go!
An shadows flit across the grass,
Unnoted how my birthdays pass,
And soft winds blow—
Through gates by night are thrown—
That close me in all walk, alone,
My path below.

—Norton Flanagan in Boston Transcript.

THE SADDEST LOSS.

By the side of the sea, three mourners pale
Sat idly watching an idle sail.

"Where sank your ship?" One turned her head
"By the sweet spice islands," she said.

"And often I fancy, on days like these,
Their breath floats to me o'er Southern seas."

"Where sank your ship?" "By tempests tossed,
On a shore of amber and pearls 'twas lost.

"Oh, often I dream of its beautiful bed,
And the rainbow gleams that are round it shed!"

"Where sank your ship?" O wan, white face,
Does she know not, then, her lost love's place.

"My ship sank not," she said, and cast
A tiny shell on the waters vast.

No balmy odors nor gems of price
Her dreams to its resting place entice;
Her ship lies frozen in arctic ice.

—Christian Register.

Our Story Teller.

MRS. MONTGOMERY GAY

JESSICA WYNNE had waving brown hair, merry dancing eyes, red lips, always parted over small white teeth a round waist and a bright, fresh complexion; she was barely 17 a perfect edition of the pocket Venus and the possessor of a fair portion. These were her assets, against which stood the facts that she lived in a quiet country house in Wales, that she had neither father nor mother, and had been since her babyhood the charge of a widowed, childless aunt, blessed with a philanthropic turn of mind and more solicitous of sparing labor to her lady helps than of contributing to the pleasure of her niece. However, on the whole, the odds were in favor of the girl, who being gifted with a fearless, independent nature contrived to make the most of opportunities, and as she grew up became the acknowledged belle of the country side.

Her reputation extended as far as Cardiff and Breckneck, and no country or garrison ball was deemed a success unless Miss Wynne was present. She was escorted to these festivities by a comfortable matron, to whom Mrs. Polsover trusted her, sometimes for a couple of days at a stretch, with many recommendations as to propriety and deportment.

One never-to-be-forgotten day Jessica was invited by some acquaintances she had met at Cardiff, and who had taken a great fancy to her, to spend two months with them in London immediately after Easter. The girl passed a week in a delirious joy of preparation and anticipation; she dreamed of triumphs which would eclipse those of the little Welsh belle, of intoxicating delights, of parties, balls, Hurlingham, Sandown, the new club, the theatres, of all the places she had read of in the society papers; and, looking at her pretty face in the glass, she even hoped that it might be her proud fate to see her name in print as "the lovely Miss Wynne" in some glorified paragraph.

Colonel and Mrs. Tressillian, her future hosts, were a fashionable middle-aged couple, addicted to wandering a good deal over Europe in quest of health and amusement, but generally occupying a fine house in South Kensington during the session, where they entertained liberally both their compatriots and foreigners, whenever they were not themselves being entertained.

Jessica Wynne returned to Wales at the beginning of July. If Mrs. Polsover had been observant she might have noticed a shadow in the laughing brown eyes, a certain compression in the scarlet lips. She vaguely observed that the girl was unusually reticent about her London experiences. "Yes, London was very gay—plenty of things going on, of course; lots of fine gowns, good music. Oh, yes, heaps of concerts, too—many of them." "And she enjoyed herself?" "Of course, how could she help enjoying herself in London during the season?" and answers to that effect.

The truth of the matter was that the popular little Welsh belle had been sorely neglected in London. She found, to her indignant dismay, that her beauty, wit and repartee remained unappreciated; with increasing choler, she soon remarked that other maidens as fresh and fair as herself shared her ignominious obscurity. Her consciousness, which was not conceit, told her that she was sacrificed to rivals less fair, less clever, and, above all, less young; she realized that one and all of the successful queens of society were odious married women—fast, bold, exacting, tyrannical matrons, who monopolized the attentions of all the men. She saw these unprincipled creatures surrounded by their courtiers at the play and at the races; they were asked to dinners, picnics and balls, and when poor little Jessica did get a card for a dance the entertainment painfully reminded her of the breaking up festivities at her school, where the white frocks so hopelessly predominated over the black coats. Remembering all these things, the girl set her teeth hard, gathered her eyebrows into a resolute frown and vowed that if she had lost her first innings she would be even yet with the London world.

Miss Wynne had not forgotten her vow, or else fortune favored her. A year later Mrs. Polsover died, leaving half her money to the lady helps, the other half to Jessica, who became almost an heiress. When six months had passed a little paragraph appeared in several Welsh papers containing the following intelligence:

"We understand that the beautiful Miss Jessica Wynne will, at the expiration of her mourning, return to society as the bride of Capt. Montgomery Gay. This gallant officer, now on leave, will however, shortly after the honeymoon be compelled to join his regiment abroad."

This announcement, shorn of local hyperbole, gradually found its way into the Birmingham and Manchester dailies, and finally drifted into one or two London papers.

Mrs. Montgomery Gay took a charming furnished house in Mayfair, kept a perfectly appointed brougham and victoria, procured her toilet from Paris and forthwith became the rage. Her gowns were copied, her hopeless quoted, her 5 o'clock at homes crowded.

She gave neither dinners nor parties, availed herself of few of the introductions obtained through the Tressillians, who were abroad; with charming impertinence and pretty audacity dropped all the people she considered bores, and plunged into the maddest whirl of social dissipation. American girls gnashed their teeth with envy when the little "grass widow" carried off their most hopeful admirers, dowagers frowned, young matrons compressed their lips, mothers of marriageable daughters were bitter, but Mrs. Montgomery Gay heeded them not, and reveled in her popularity.

"Who the deuce is Captain Gay, and where does he hang out?" queried a guardsman of a fellow-warrior parting from Jessica, when she re-entered her carriage after their daily walk in Hyde Park.

"Who cares a big *D* for the husband of a pretty woman?" was the flippant answer, "He's somewhere on the gold coast, or in India, or at Suakin, she tells me; he might be dead and buried for all I care—only it's much safer to know there's a husband somewhere; and, to do the little woman justice, although she flirts to the nines, she does not allow the captain pretty freely; and even were he to mount guard over her like a watch dog, he wouldn't find much to make a rumpus about."

"No," said the other, reflectively, pulling his mustache; "it's a case of Canute and the sea—'just so far and no further.' She's a ticklish one to deal with. I don't quite make her out."

"She's been full a fellow up pretty short sometimes, that's a fact; but she's awfully jolly—no confounded sentiment about her—not like those old stagers who run you in before you know where you are. She's rare fun, by jove!" and he smiled with retrospective enjoyment.

For once the verdict of clubs, messrooms and smoking rooms was just; Mrs. Montgomery Gay's morals were unimpeachable. Without ostentation she frequently alluded to her absent consort, retailed passages from his correspondence, bewailed the long exile and frequent changes entailed by his profession, wondered how long he would remain in those outlandish places where wives were an impossibility, and occasionally reduced her admirers to frantic despair by announcing her intention of joining Captain Gay wherever he might be sent next. When assured that such self immolation would be madness, she pensively concluded that perhaps it were wiser to await his return to civilization and England.

Sometimes—but, of course, Jessica was alone, and then she would look at herself in the glass and smile quaintly. "Isn't it funny!" she murmured, scanning her features. "I am sure I am not quite so fresh and pretty as I was two years ago, and I don't think I am nearly as nice. And yet —then nobody even looked at me, while now——? Her eyes sparkled. "Oh, my blessed husband, what a service you have rendered me! And to think I shall never, never be able to repay you!"

Toward the middle of August, with the abruptness which characterized all her movements, Jessica, without a word of warning to her courtiers, accepted an invitation to spend a fortnight in Scotland with a young matron whom she had taken a house on Loch Lomond for two months. She had not told whether or not there would be other guests, but she knew that the Bellunes had the knack of making people comfortable, and she felt just a little tired of a surfeit of devotion, and inclined to escape from it and ruminate in comparative solitude. So one morning she found herself at St. Pancras station, and when her maid, previous to seeking her second-class carriage, had settled her in a first-class one, with her books, rug and dressing-bag, she prepared for her long journey with restful satisfaction.

However, just as the hour for departure had struck the door of the carriage was violently opened, a military looking portmanteau and case were thrust in, a guard exclaimed, "Plenty of room—just in time —jump in, sir—thank you, sir!" and slammed the door again upon a tall, handsome man, who had entered hurriedly, and who, as the train steamed out of the station, looked rather disconcerted in finding himself tete-a-tete with a young, pretty and elegant vis-a-vis.

Before reaching Leicester the travellers had already exchanged a few commonplace civilities connected with the pulling up and down of windows, the loan of newspapers, etc. Instinctively they recognized that they belonged to the same social class; each discovered in the other a certain independent, unconventional originality, and, like strangers meeting by chance at some dinner party, they soon began to converse on every possible subject.

"Do you propose stopping at Edinburgh?" said the gentleman, when, after Normanton and lunch, they had resumed their seats.

"For the night, perhaps; but I have bound for Inversnaid," answered Jessica.

"Ah!" with a slight start, "I have some friends about there myself—relations."

"I wonder if they know my friends—at the Towers!"

"The Bellunes?"

"Exactly."

"Why, Dora Bellune is my cousin, and I am on my way to see her."

"How very amusing! Well, I had an intuition that we should meet again—in fact, I had quite mapped out your destiny before reaching Bedford."

"Let us hear the horoscope — past, present, future; the first will, if correct, be a guarantee for crediting the last."

"I consent to tell you what I think of you; but only if you tell me first who you think I am."

"Would you be offended if I said a charming woman? Don't frown; I have not said it."

"Be serious. Am I maid, wife or widow?"

"Not a miss, certainly," with a fine contempt on the noun.

"Of course not, or you would not have deigned to be even decently civil."

"Frankly, I am at fault now. Is it wife? Is it widow?"

"I own there may be reason for a doubt. You see, it is difficult to be a widow without having been a wife, and, as men don't marry girls now-a-days, it is equally difficult to be a wife. However, as no other status has been invented, I have a husband."

"And I no wife, although I have been married."

"A widower! Hum! I should not have thought so."

"No, not a widower. I was married without knowledge, by mistake, in default. The newspapers married me—I heard of it in India—and so persistently that I got a three months' leave only to make myself a free man once more. I left the P. and O. three days ago, and am on my way to the Bellunes to ask what they were about in allowing their nearest relative to be labeled all over the world as booked and done for."

"A hard case, and one deserving of much pity. So the indignity of wedlock has been put upon you. Accept my deepest sympathy."

"You may laugh, but it was, it is odious. All the fellows out there affect to believe it is true—that I am a derelict husband, with a family. On landing here I found no end of letters of congratulation. I dare not show myself at the clubs. If at first I was inclined to treat the matter lightly, now I am determined to sift the whole thing, sue the libelers, and give a public denial—"

"To the compromising accusation of matrimony? I would, if I were you."

"I shall!" he said, sternly.

They were steaming into Carlisle station, Jessica remained alone while her companion smoked a cigar on the platform. She took advantage of the gathering twilight to rise and, unperceived, to examine the label on the hat box reposing in the rack. She had some difficulty in deciphering it, and fell back into the seat as the owner of it stepped once more into the carriage. He fancied she looked very pale, and asked her if she was tired. She did not answer at once, but as soon as the train was fairly under way she said, abruptly: "Is your name Montgomery Gray?"

"I is," he said, surprised; but glancing at the hat box, which lay in an altered position, he added: "Have you guessed that, too, you fortune teller?"

"And you call yourself a captain?" continued Jessica, in the same harsh voice.

"I do, till I become a major."

"Impossible! There is not a Captain Montgomery Gay in the whole British army."

"I beg your pardon, I am that humble officer."

"No, you are not; there is no such man in the army list—there was not a year ago."

"Possibly not at that time, for a year ago I was Monty Gordon. Last Christmas a good old man, who was my godfather, died and left me all his fortune and estates, on condition that I should take and bear his name. I complied. A Gay was manufactured out of a Gordon, and yet remained a captain. Under either appellation, equally at your command. But now I must ask of your dressing bag the same introduction furnished by my hat box, and learn by what name I can address my travelling incognito when I meet her again at the Towers." He quietly bent over the flap of Jessica's neat Russian leather bag, but saw only the letters "J. M. G."

"Ah, he said, "the same initials as mine;" and then interrogatively, "they spell?"

"Jessica Montgomery Gay."

A dead silence followed, Jessica lay back against the cushions, motionless, with a crimson flush on her cheeks and her eyelids closed. Capt. Gay felt that some painful mystery was about to be disclosed, and that the woman by his side was gathering strength for a great effort. He generously repressed every sign of curiosity or astonishment, and waited her pleasure.

After a few moments she turned taward him and spoke slowly and hesitatingly.

"I throw myself upon your mercy, Capt. Gay; do not deny publicly to-morrow that you ever were married to Jessica Wynne. Do not pursue those who originated that—libel. Give me time. I assure you that I will do my utmost to undo what I have done."

She looked very young and fair, with her earnest eyes and moist lashes. "What have you done?" he said, simply.

"Listen to me, and forgive me if you can. When I first came to London, at 18, I found it a horrid place; only married women were admired, petted and courted—we girls were no where. So I made up my mind to come back to town—married; and as I had not a husband handy—they are so scarce, you know—I invented one, and thought I was quite safe. I wanted him to be an officer, because England has such a lot of troops in places people never go to. I looked all over the army and navy lists to make sure I didn't choose a name belonging to any living man. I christened him Montgomery Gay, haphazard; I put the paragraph in the papers, and I was very likely sort of a husband to have, you know, and it seems so natural that he should be forever among the savages—anywhere. Nobody seemed to care about him at all; but they did for his wife simply because she was not a girl, and it was all working beautifully. Oh, why did you turn up? Why did you have a Gay for a godfather? Why did he die?"

"Would it have suited you to keep up this farce much longer?" said Captain Gay, gravely, but an amused look passed in his eyes.

"Only a little while," said Jessica, promptly. "I intend becoming a widow very soon—some of the climates out there are so unhealthy—no one would have asked any questions. One accepts anything in London when it is convenient to be credulous; but if you are that horrid man, please don't expose me yet."

"Not till I am dead, eh?"

"I can't make him out dead now," she said petulantly; "but I will go away, hide myself, never show my face again."

"That would be a pity; there must be some other way to achieve widowhood."

"Don't be cruel—it is dreadful! and I know I have been very foolish. But really," she added, with a resumption of her old quaint coquetry, "I can't do more than ask your pardon."

"Yes, you can; you can ask for my advice," he said, extending his hand, "and, on my honor as a gentlemen, I will help you to get out of this scrape."

They talked low and earnestly for the remainder of the journey. At Edinburgh they shook hands warmly and parted. But neither Jessica nor Capt. Gay went to the towers. Two separate telegrams informed Miss Bellune that her expected guests were unavoidably prevented from joining her party; nor did Mrs. Montgomery Gay again gladden the hearts of her faithful swains by her presence at the fashionable resorts of late summer of early autumn.

Three months later Jessica was walking on the seashore only a mile distant from a pretty village near Bagni di Lucca, looking as fresh and crisp as before her first disastrous London campaign. There was a new tenderness in the dancing brown eyes as she lifted them trustfully to those of a tall man on whose arm her small hand rested.

"And so you are really, truly not sorry that you never denied your marriage with Miss Wynne?" she said coaxingly.

"Not sorry at all, darling, as it saves me the fuss of communicating with you now," answered Captain Gay. "I'm desperately glad, though, it's all settled and done with."

—London Truth.

Beyond His Power.

Going down the Chesapeake bay on an excursion when the wind was fresh and the white caps tumultuous, Judge Hall of North Carolina, became terribly seasick. "My dear Hall," said Chief Justice Waite, who was one of the party and who was as comfortable as an old sea-dog, "can I do anything for you? Just suggest what you wish." "I wish," groaned the sick jurist, "that your honor would overrule this motion."—*Splinters.*

Not That Day.

De Courcy—Angeline, dearest, have you yet fixed upon the day that is to make me the happiest of men?

Angelina—Yes, Reginald; the 15th of next month is my birthday, and how appropriate it would be to have our wedding on the same date. Does that day suit you?

De Courcy—Well, no, not quite—not as some other. You see there is to be a league game on that day, and I wouldn't like to miss it.—*Boston Budget.*

Asking Too Much.

"Mr. Spouter," said the spokesman of the committee, "we have called to ask you, as 'silver-tongued orator of Biggsville,' to make a presentation speech for us to-morrow evening. It will be Gagstatter's tenth wedding anniversary and we are going to give him a little surprise."

"Gentlemen," replied Mr. Spouter, with some severity, "can you expect a silver-tongued orator to speak at a tin-wedding?"

—Chicago Tribune.

Hot Enough at Home.

"When shall we go away for the summer, George, dear?"

"We won't have to go away for the summer. At this rate we will get all we want of it at home. Whew! Ain't it hot?"—*Chicago Herald*

Till She Gets Another.

Miss Quickeye—"How pale your visitor, Miss Highstyle is." Miss Crabley—"Yes; she has sustained a severe loss." Miss Quickeye—"A severe loss!" Miss Crabley—"Yes; her rouge box."

Lightning Twisted His Neck.

A boy named Burtt, living on Wylie avenue, was a victim of a queer accident during Friday's storm. He was struck by a flash of lightning and his head twisted around on his neck to one side. The muscles have stiffened, and up to last night the physicians had been unable to straighten his neck.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

BURDETTE'S REMARKS

THE GENIAL HUMORIST BREAKS OUT

In the Columns of the Brooklyn Eagle, and, as Usual, Has Something Good to Say—A Mixed Medley of Harmless Fun.

A Brockton man has spent 40 years working on a plan for a ship railroad across the Isthmus of Panama. And a man in Pittsburg has been working 22 years at another one. Neither plan is yet completed. Too long, that's the trouble. One of these days a man who has been too busy to think much about it will get up and put a ship railroad across the isthmus before he finds out that he has to have a plan. That's the way these things are frequently done.

A CLIMATIC PARADOX.

A new novel deals with the Arctic circle and is entitled "Below Zero." You bet there are no flies on that book. Later—We have just read it. it is by Lord Lousdale and is just full of 'em. Full of what? Of flies, simple ones; whoppers, too.

A SAD BLUNDER.

Whitegoods awakens suddenly in the night, sees a figure in his room, fires, and brings the intruder down. Dying robber falters, with labored accent: "You fired just in time; another minute and I would have cut your throat." Whitegoods, shuddering with remorse—"And you're only a burglar, then? By George, old man, I'm awfully sorry; why didn't you speak? I thought it was an advertising solicitor."

A PENNY SAVED IS TWO PENCE EARNED.

"I made a good deal of money on my last serial," remarked Inkwell. "What did you get for it?" asked the proofreader. "I didn't get anything for it directly, but I lost the manuscript before I could begin mailing it."

THEY'RE BOTH ALIKE.

United States troops were ordered from Fort Custer, to prevent the Sioux Indians from performing the "sun dance." Well, that's all right, only let us tote fair; let's be just to the red man and merciful to the white. If General Schofield can spare a squadron or two, why not suppress the "statue clog dance" as performed by the various Monster Mammoth Mastodons and other wandering tribes which black up and go through this "dance" nightly.

CAN'T HELP GETTING IN.

An agricultural exchange says the best sugar beets are grown in sandy soil. We thought so; that accounts for the sand in the sugar, and here we have been unjustly accusing the honest grocer. We take it all back and will go right on paying 13 cents a pound for bar sand without a murmur.

REMARKABLE WANDERINGS.

Three years ago the Rev. Joshua W. Fothinlastly, of Pittsburg, while preparing himself for the sanctuary Sabbath morning, let his collar button slip through his fingers. The minister crawled about the room on his hands and knees until the second bell began ringing, when he fastened his collar with a succession of yielding pins and got through the service safely by holding his chin down tightly and speaking in hoarse, constrained accents, that were ruinously contrived for his congregation to mistake for affectation and emotion. Day before yesterday, while dining with a wealthy parishioner at the Bonedash hotel, he found his long lost collar button in the soup.

SINCE THE BOTTOM DROPPED OUT.

"You need rest," said the doctor, "and you must have perfect quiet." "All right," replied the patient, "I'm glad enough to hear it; I'll go into a monastery right away." "Won't do," said the doctor, shaking his head, "too much excitement. You go to Southern California."

NEVER LEAVES ANYTHING.

"Ah, ha," said Thomas Jefferson, glancing up from his *Eagle*, "accidents do not respect the property of great men, even. I see that last Monday the private car of Jay Gould left the side track." "Then," replied George Washington, who never uttered an untruth, "Jay was not in the car, else he would have taken the side track along with him."

AT FLOOD TIDE.

"Noah was correct," was the pensive remark of the last of the ante-diluvians, as he sat on the sharp edge of a rock and reluctantly laved his shrinking feet in the rising tide, "the said there would be a deluge, and there's no delugeon about this." And as he chuckled hoarsely over the base remark, a pteryodactyleosophagaurian, floating near by with a view to picking up anything that might happen, remarked that a fellow couldn't be expected to stand everything, and, opening a mouth somewhat longer than his entire body, took the humorist in out of the wet.

THE LIMIT OF INFINITY.

The Boston *Herald* admits that it does not know what the outcome of the Samoan conference will be. The conference isn't a matter of very much importance, but the revelation that there is anything on earth that the *Herald* doesn't know comes upon the American people with a shock that would be insupportably painful were it not providentially benumbing.

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL.

What various sorts of fools one meets in this pilgrimage. Now, here is a couple of people in Stamford have gone and named their first baby Methusaleh, when the little fellow isn't ten days old. But hold on a bit; we apologize. Who can tell what may happen? Little did Enoch dream, when he named his first born Methusaleh, how appropriate was the name.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN.

Well, sir, time comes round and round round, doesn't it? We see by the papers Mrs. Langtry is 36 again.

HIS HAIR-IS-ON.

While the Indian delegation was loafing around Washington the President said to Old-Man-Afraid-of-the-Rheumatiz, "Why does the great chief have eleven wives?" And the grim old warrior answered the great father sternly, "To keep his wigwarm."

THE MONOTONOUS WAY OF IT.

"Singular," remarked a hoary headed sage, "how politics seem to run in groves. Now, last year, nearly all the Congressmen ran for re-election, most of the governors ran for the Senate and the state treasurers ran for Mexico or Canada."

ROOM FOR A REGIMENT OF HIM.

"I can tell you one thing, and you'll find I'm a prophet," said Knowitall, "Dave Hill is going to step into Cleveland's shoes." "Well," replied Knowsumnoffit, "he may step into his shoes, but by the great American desert he'd better not get into the old man's trousers if he doesn't want to get hopelessly lost."

EVERYTHING BUILT THAT WAY.

"This is a model summer hotel," said the landlord; "it can be taken apart, carted to a new location when the boom is over and set up again." "Yes," said the guest, "I discovered last night the bed was made in sections." And he thoughtfully rubbed his shoulder blades as far around as he could reach, while the landlord wondered what kind of a lunatic he was, anyhow.

Go West, Girls.

Some amiable people the other evening were good enough to ask me to a reception, and the prettiest and most charming woman I met, the wife of a rich young merchant, remarked that she came from Boston.

"And did your husband come from Boston?" I asked.

"O, no," she said, "I met him here. He came here a year or so after he was graduated from Amherst, and boarded for a while in the family where I worked!"

She was a dainty little creature. Her voice was sweet and her manner exceedingly refined. I glanced at her gloved hand. It was small and slender. At the tips of her little feet. They were neatly dressed. I looked at her costume, and while my knowledge of feminine apparel does not entitle me to speak authoritatively as to the degree of perfection in this case, yet there was certainly nothing conspicuous about it, and she looked trim and, in brief, just as she ought to have looked. Later in the evening I asked some questions about her and ascertained that she came west as a general domestic in the family of a New Englander. Now she was the mistress of one of the finest houses in town and an ornament of society.—*Dakota Letter.*

Our New Serial Story.

NELLIE'S MARRIAGE;

WAS IT A FAILURE?

BY MRS. E. M. DAVY,

Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Prince of Como," "Between Man and Wife," etc., etc. Now first published in America.

CHAPTER V.—WE ARE MADE ONE.

ON Monday I was awake by dawn, and, wrapping myself in a warm dressing-gown, sat down at my window. King Sol rose from a veil of mist and shot forth great shafts of flame across the sea. I saw the fishing-boats return, and with keenest interest watched the glittering silvery herrings taken from the nets, and packed in carts, and casks, and women's creels.

There is said to be always a tint of sadness in the thought that one is doing anything "for the last time," but this was not my own experience. I entertained no fears for the future. It did not appear possible that my life could be other than a happy one. I was going to an unknown country. True. But my companion was the one man in the world to me, and something more—as every woman who has read my "Confessions" thus far will comprehend. In addition to—and quite independent of—my love for Philip Lorraine, I gloried in the belief that I held this man's happiness in my hand. I likened myself to the

queen in the fairy tale whose smiles could ensure perpetual sunshine for her kingdom. It is a great thing to have faith in oneself, but a great thing still to be able to retain it. How it fared with me in this matter time and events will show.

At eight o'clock I entered the church on the vicar's arm, attired in my traveling-dress, and carrying a beautiful ribbon-decked "posy" sent by George Waldy from Covent Garden. A neighboring clergyman was to officiate, so that the vicar—by Dora's desire—should give me away.

I remembered afterwards that the morning had become overcast and gloomy. The church looked full of people and also full of fog. One hurried glance as I was being led towards the altar rails satisfied me that Philip was already there. I took my place beside him, and the service immediately began. During the first portion of it, I kept my eyes bent on the ground. It was not until the ring was actually being placed on my finger that I looked into Philip's face, and then stared, bewildered and quite unable to restrain a smile of amusement at the change I saw in him.

My first thought was—am I being married to the wrong man? My second—who would have supposed the mere absence of a moustache could so completely alter the expression of the human countenance? For a moment, I confess I entirely forgot the solemnity of the occasion in my surprise.

Afterwards, in the vestry, when I was writing Ellen Blake for the last time, Dora, with her usual vivacity, called my attention to Philip's altered appearance.

"I wonder, Mr. Lorraine," she exclaimed, "that you dare take such liberties with yourself. If I were Nellie, I'd disown you on the spot. What right had you to tamper with your lovely moustache? Why did you do away with it?"

"Am I bound to answer, sir?" Philip asked, very quietly, turning to the vicar.

"By no means, my dear fellow," Mr. Scroley answered, looking at me with his pleasant bland smile. "By no means for the mere sake of gratifying my wife's idle curiosity. Had Mrs. Philip Lorraine made a similar request——"

He did not continue; his silence was significant enough. I felt myself blush on being spoken of by my new name, and I knew that Philip's sensitive nature would be hurt by the observations made, although he had sufficient control over himself to conceal the fact. My first, natural impulse was to take his part.

"You shall not find fault with—my husband," I said to Dora pettishly, "for whatever he does is to please—me."

And the silent language of Philip's eyes thanked me with an earnestness and fervour that my own lightly spoken words scarcely seemed to merit.

A few friends accompanied us to the station. I have no desire to linger over the partings that ensued. Dora, embracing me wildly, exorted from me a promise to write to her both from London and Southampton; and the vicar in fatherly fashion kissed me, wishing me "God speed." Few and very hurried were the last words spoken, and there was barely time to take our seats when the train moved off, leaving the little group upon the platform waving their last farwells.

The compartment was an empty one; and Philip, drawing me toward him, and looking at me tenderly with a smile—half shy, half sad—"Do you mind?" he asked, evidently in reference to the loss of that hirsute appendage which already had been more discussed than there seemed occasion for.

"Mind? You dear, absurd boy!" I answered, looking at him critically. "Do you suppose for a moment that my love was based on that? Don't you know 'Love is not love which changeth when it alteration finds?' See," I continued, disengaging my hands and pushing back the chestnut tangle from my forehead, "Would you love your Nellie less if you saw her so?"

He did not immediately reply, and with eyes fixed on me seemed lost in thought.

"Answer truly, Phil," I laughed. "Are men's hearts won and lost by a few stray curls?"

"God knows!" he answered, speaking very seriously. "But your little act, dear, has shown me that you have a broader brow—"

"Than you gave me credit for, perhaps?"

"Yes, and it has set me thinking."

"Thinking? Well?"

"That perhaps some day, when I need counsel, I will come to you."

"If you do so to save a lawyer's fee, you will do wrong. I know nothing of legal matters; but I have a mind that can take a practical, common sense view of any subject, and therefore possibly it may be of service to you. Yours, dear, has a more romantic, poetical tendency. I soon discovered you were a dreamer! And is not this quite right, and best for both of us?" I went on as I pressed his hand caressingly against my cheek. "How terrible to be bound for life to a mere counterpart of one's own self! How very soon one would grow tired of that other self! I have thought it all out seriously, and, believe me, there is a much better chance of happiness by marrying your opposite. Prove my words, Phil, by answering me one question: Do you love me any less for holding these very matter-of-fact views?"

"Less? Ten thousand times more, if that were possible. But come, let me show how I too can be practical. Give me your purse, sweetheart." And on my handing it to him, he took from his own a role of notes and some gold, and placed them in mine, saying: "I have a great deal of money about me, Nellie, let us share the responsibility. It is wiser to give you this now when we are alone than to do so in the presence of strangers."

"Who might be tempted to rob and murder us if we displayed our wealth," I laughed as I closed and pocketed my now bulky little purse.

"God bless you, my light-hearted darling?" he cried impressively.

"When I come to observe you more narrowly, Mr. Philip," I said playfully, "it strikes me that some of the light-heartedness I flattered myself I was transmitting to you has suddenly evaporated. Let me sing to you. There will just be time to trill the little song that made me laugh as a baby, and has power to charm dull care away even now that I am a woman."

And laying my head on his shoulder I sang:

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

At the conclusion I looked up laughingly in his face.

Good heavens! Instead of bringing smiles to his lips, had I caused tears to spring to my loved one's eyes—or was I dreaming?

Surely it was but my fancy that had played me false, for the next moment he sang the last two lines apparently as blithely as I had sung them. As he finished, the train arrived at Oldcastle station, and we took our tickets for the 10 o'clock London express, which was ready to start.

The first-class compartment we entered had one occupant. Two long legs clad in broad striped gray material, terminating in a pair of patent leather shoes, were extended across to the opposite seat, the rest of the individual hidden behind a newspaper.

"By your leave sir," said the porter who had opened the door, when immediately the formidable barrier to our entrance was withdrawn to be replaced the moment we had passed to our seats. Conversation of a private nature between Philip and myself not seeming desirable, and, being destitute of railway literature, I amused myself by speculating what manner of man might be hidden behind that printed broadsheet. When we reached Dunham my curiosity was gratified by the object of it starting forward, flinging down the window, and calling out authoritatively,

"How long here?"

"Two minutes," was the reply. He immediately began to talk to Philip, who, always reticent with strangers, responded only in monosyllables. He then resumed his old attitude, this time apparently settling himself to sleep, but not before I had time to see that he was a man of about 50 years of age; that he had a pleasant, weather-beaten face; short, pointed, grey beard, and closely-cropped hair. Presently, certain sounds issuing from behind the paper told us that our companion slept. To make use of a favorite expression of my childhood, he "sleyed aloud."

As there was a delay of 20 minutes at York, we alighted; I declined going to the refreshment room, and remained standing by the bookstall, while Philip went—as he said—to forage for us both. Plunged in a kind of reverie, I might seem to be attentively reading the title of various "shilling shockers" and "penny dreadfuls" that lay there, but in point of fact I scarcely saw them. Turning around somewhat suddenly, I almost came into collision with our fellow traveler.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, politely raising his hat. "I was speculating what you would buy—wondering if you prefer trash to truth." He spoke with a gentlemanly and sufficient accent to prove him—what I had already half suspected him to be—an American. Although I might have resented being so addressed by an Englishman who was a stranger to me, somehow with an American I regarded the case differently.

"Is this trash?" I asked, indicating the volumes in question, and looking with interest into the scarred and deeply-lined face which evidently had a story of its own.

"If it isn't truth, it's trash, you bet! Why read blood-curdling fiction when you can have fact for the same money or less. Look there," he said, pointing to a conspicuous white placard whereon large black letters announced the latest news.

"Can any novel boil out such promises as that? Horrible mystery. A young lady supposed to have been murdered in a railway carriage. The murderer at large.' Read the account of that, now. It's brought right down to date. Next instalment to-morrow, and so on till the murderer's tracked, found, tried, and—roped. Guess they'll have him in a twinkling, so that the sensation won't last us long! Ever read DeQuincy's 'Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts'?"

"I have not," I replied, looking at him with growing interest.

"It's a slap up smart thing—might have been written by a Yankee—and made an indelible impression on my mind when I was a youngster. I concluded to study it again, and when I went in for a little recreation I study it now. Nothing's better calculated to take one out of one's self than to enter heart and soul into a downright, atrocious murder. That's so. Ha! The London papers. Now for further particulars!" So speaking, he turned to select some from a pile that had newly been placed upon the stall.

In the moment Philip joined me with a lovely basket of fruit and flowers; we returned to the train, and, as it happened, I took a different seat this time—that opposite to Philip. Thus placed, I could not but be struck with my husband's appearance. It was not altogether the absence of the mustache that had so materially altered him; I saw now only too plainly that he was looking harassed, worried, ill. The anxieties and responsibilities of the last few weeks without doubt had been too much for him. Thank heaven, they were ended now, and in a couple of days we should be upon the sea.

Our fellow traveler came back laden with newspapers. As soon as the train was again in motion, he handed one to me, saying: "It's all there, and more in that edition. In providing madam with some interesting literature," he remarked, smiling across at Philip.

"Thank you. I hope you find this murder case as thrilling as you anticipated?" I asked, thinking if I could only get him to hold forth again on what was evidently a favorite topic it would amuse and interest Philip as well as myself.

"Thrilling? I'm real certain it's going to prove just the biggest mental diversion I've had the luck to come across for years. I'll learn, too, how these things are managed over here."

"Don't read in the train, please dear," said Philip.

"Not read in the train?" I repeated. "Why, what harm can it do me? I always read when traveling—alone."

"Nellie, I ask you not." And taking the paper gently, but firmly from my hand, he returned it with a few words of thanks to the American.

How absurd of Philip! What had come over him? I felt the eyes of that American looking us through and through with all the cuteness accredited to his countrymen. If he thought we were on the verge of our first matrimonial quarrel, however, he did his best to avert it, by saying promptly:

"As your husband objects to your reading on the cars, guess I'll tell you the whole narration, and *that* won't damage your eyes anyhow. Saturday night when the late train from the north reached London, a young woman was found in a first-class car—dead, under most suspicious circumstances. The murderer——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Philip, "I have seen some account of this most sad affair. Why assume that it was a murder? You cannot know it."

"I do not know it. But I can form an opinion—like every one else. Allow me to continue for madame's benefit. The supposed murderer," he said, with a smiling bow to Philip.

"I scarcely think this subject can be of any great interest to a lady," observed Philip.

"Oh, but I begin to feel at least some curiosity," I said, smilingly, looking from Philip to the stranger. "Do let me hear the story, please."

"With the gentleman's leave, then," resumed the American, apparently with difficulty restraining his laughter.

"But you have not my leave. On the contrary, I request you will not again refer to this most unpleasant subject before—my wife."

"All right, stranger."

What a contrast between these two men! Philip was showing himself more reserved and unapproachable than I had ever known him, and it did seem to me that he was carrying fastidious sensitiveness a little too far. As to our companion, I began to wonder if he were an American at all. He spoke more like the typical Yankee than any of the best Americans I had met; and remembering the old ad

TOLEDO BLADE.

IT is going to be very difficult for one Democratic brethren to make an issue this year on state finances. Auditor of State Poe has sent to the county auditors the state levy for 1889—the total amount for the general fund, the sinking fund and for common schools being two and seventenths mills on each dollar of assessed valuation. Mr. Poe takes occasion to remark that "the present is the lowest rate of taxation for state purposes during the past forty-nine years' history of our state." With the lowest taxation in half a century, the Republican party can hardly be attacked for extravagance—especially when it is remembered that the Hoadly regime left the state treasury empty and a huge deficit in addition, which had to be made good out of the revenues of the succeeding years.

THE fourth annual convention of the clubs associated in the Ohio Republican League will be held in Columbus, June 25. The object of the convention is to elect a president, four vice presidents, a secretary, a treasurer, and an executive committee of one from each Congressional district represented, and to transact such other business as may come before the convention. Clubs regularly affiliated with the league, or those joining prior to said convention, will be entitled to representation. Clubs will not be entitled to representation unless they shall have paid their annual dues for the current year.

THE Cincinnati *Freie Presse* prints the following:

Nothing is more dreaded by the Democratic politicians than Governor Forster's candidacy for another term, for they know him to be the strongest candidate which the Republican party can possibly nominate. Observing the growing tendency of the Republicans in favor of Governor Foraker's nomination, they have at once begun to make him the target for their bitterest and most infernal attacks. They do no harm, though. On the contrary, his prospects for Republican leadership during the coming election contest, which would be identical with Republican victory, becomes so much more certain.

IN THIS VICINITY.

THE OLD MISSION.

An Historical Ruin to be Rebuilt—Laying of the Corner Stone.

UPPER SANDUSKY, O., May 25.—(Special.)—The laying of the corner stone for the reconstruction of the old Mission church, that for years has been going to ruins, occurred Thursday afternoon. The uncertainty of the weather made it necessary for the exercises, which were to be held on the ground, to be held in the M. E. church. There the audience was addressed by Dr. Pope, of Euclid avenue church, Cleveland, Revs Herbert Barnes, Lane and others. Their discourses consisted mainly of a review of the church since it was founded, recalling incidents of those pioneer days and such remarks suitable for the occasion. After the services were finished the people, about 200 people witnessed the laying of the corner stone, and after music and several addresses the ceremony was concluded.

The church was erected at the instance of John C. Calhoun, in 1824, he being then secretary of War. He made an appropriation of $1,333 33, and various sums were afterward contributed, making in all about $2,000. Wells Hackett, Sandusky architect, who was a missionary here then, superintended the erection of the building. The work was done by John Owens and he was assisted by Ben. Herbert. In this church the people in those pioneer days worshipped until about the year 1850, when it was vacated, and the structure soon fell into ruins and was partly carried away by relic hunters. The property of the church having fallen into the hands of the M. E. church, at this place, at the general conference of that administration, held in New York one year ago, an appropriation of $2,000 was made to rebuild the old church.

THEY MEAN BUSINESS.

Van Wert a Bad Town for Saloon Keepers —Enforcing the Law.

VAN WERT, O., May 23.—(Special.)—Public attention has again been turned upon the war between the saloons and the would-be saloon men. Mayor Browder's court could not hold the people who Tuesday night assembled to hear the pleadings in the case of the City of Van Wert vs. Peter Miltenberger, charged with violating the prohibitory ordinances. Mr. A. L. Sweet appeared for the prosecution, Mr. G. M. Saltzgaber and John Darnell conducting the defense.

The evidence had been clear and convincing, and no doubt existed as to the guilt of the defendant. Mayor Browder gave him the full extent of the law. A motion for a new trial being overruled the case will be carried to a higher court. But no judge can reverse the decision in the face of such evidence, and justice, though delayed, is not prevented. It has been feared since the acquittal of W. R. Cook, who was protected from the law by the evident perjury of saloon men, that it would be impossible to convict a saloon-keeper, but that belief exists no longer.

Another saloon-keeper, John Carroll, was arrested Monday, though he had to be pursued five miles before he could be caught. Other arrests will follow, and the determination of temperance men to continue to make it warm for all guilty parties.

AT THEIR OWN GAME.

The Lima Oil Company Gets the Best of the Standard in a Big Deal.

LIMA, O., May 23.—(Special.)—The Standard company was nearly outplayed in an oil deal which was consummated yesterday. They have been trying to freeze out the smaller refining and oil dealing concerns by buying up all of the available territory, and had accomplished their purpose to such an extent that the Lima oil company, an independent concern, was in a bad way to secure oil. The Standard company even got so far as to buy out the partners in the lease from which the Lima oil company received oil, and there were several set-to's between the two companies for the production. The Standard oil company, in order to crush the Lima company entirely, made a good offer for the remainder of the lease, and the owners, Spear & Hoover Bros., had the offer under consideration when the Lima Oil company stepped in, outbid the Standard and secured the lease, and will now take Messrs Spear and Hoover into partnership in the building of a refinery with a capacity of 5,000 barrels daily.

LIMA, O., May 25.—(Special.)—Last night when Mrs. W. K. Gordon, wife of the agent of the Adams Express company, went home after spending the evening, she found her husband lying on a sofa in an unconscious condition. Medical aid was summoned, and it was found that he was suffering from a large dose of morphine. The doctors worked with him for several hours, but say that he cannot recover, and at this hour is dying. Mr. Gordon has been agent for the company here for six years, and his duties have always been found correct. D. McGee, the company's route agent arrived here this afternoon and commenced looking over Mr. Gordon's accounts and was with him until evening, when Mr. Gordon complained of not feeling well and went home. His taking the morphine is unaccounted for, unless he is short in his accounts. Mr. McGee told THE BLADE that he did not think he was short, and that he had checked up, so far, all right. The supposition is that Mr. Gordon was suffering from over-work, and taking the morphine to quiet his nerves, took too much.

TIFFIN TROUBLES.

A Young Man in a Fix—The Chicago Butcher—An Unfortunate Old Soldier.

TIFFIN, O., May 23.—(Special.)—Elsie A. Cole, a young man who married into one of the first families in Pleasant township, and who is well known between Green Spring and Republic, last week asked for a loan at the Green Spring bank, presenting as collateral security notes bearing the names of John Armstrong, Wesley Hatton and Mr. Hathaway, in total amounting to $575. He also presented a letter from Charles Holtz, stating that the parties were good.

The banker, Orson McIntyre, noticed that the name of Wesley Hatton was misspelled with two *s*'s, and thinking no man would err in writing his own name, his suspicions were aroused. The young man blundering assented to his request to hold the notes a few days for investigation, the loan not being made. McIntyre communicated with the men, who made affidavit that the notes were forgeries, and Cole is now under arrest. The notes are all in one hand. He pleads not guilty, affirming that the men are aiming to escape paying of just debts.

J. W. Kolshner, the absconding meat man, who is now in custody in Chicago, did up Findlay people, also, in great shape, beating Harmon & Trout, of that city, out of $267; B. F. Bolton, $300; W. H. Gross, $300, and Heck & Shelley, $580.

Peter Corrigan, an aged indigent soldier, was found by the police yesterday lying in a drunken stupor with both bones of his left ankle broken, in the rear of a Market street saloon, where he had tripped on a board and fallen. He had been a brave soldier, his body bearing many bullet wounds, and he receives a fair pension, but he spends most of it in lining the coffers of the saloon keeper and filling his body with bad whisky.

BLIGHTING FROST

Has Done Considerable Damage in Northern Ohio and Indiana.

WABASH, Ind., May 24.—Great damage was done to the corn and potato crops in this vicinity, by the freeze Wednesday night. The corn plants are brown and withered, and the crop will be cut short, if, indeed, wholesale replanting is not required. Wheat was also slightly injured. The weather is the coldest ever known at this season.

COLUMBUS, O., May 24.—There was a heavy white frost here last night, which did considerable damage to fruit and vegetables. The wheat which is heading out is also somewhat injured.

CLEVELAND, O., May 24.—Dispatches from various places in Northern Ohio report a severe white frost Wednesday night. Considerable damage was done to fruit trees, grape vines and growing grain.

FINDLAY, O., May 23.—(Special.)—A blighting frost fell with killing force upon this section of the state, last night, destroying gardens, fruit, wheat and almost everything green. It is feared that all the corn will have to be replanted and gardens started anew again.

BIG PIPE LINE.

It will Reach from Chicago to New York City—A Gigantic Scheme.

CYGNET, O., May 24.—(Special)—It is now announced that the new eight inch pipe line now being laid from Parker, Pa. to Cygnet will connect with the Lima line and thence run to Chicago from Parker. A six inch line will be laid to Coal Grove, McKean county, Pa., where it will connect with a six inch line already laid to New York City. It is said the oil will be pumped from the Ohio field to New York where gas will be manufactured from it to supply the city with fuel and light.

HORRIBLE DEATH

Of a Lake Shore Section Hand Near Adrian.

ADRIAN, Mich., May 27.—(Special.)—Early yesterday morning section men found the body of Cooney Beers horribly mutilated, and scattered along the Lake Shore railroad track, just east of town. Beers is a section hand residing at Lenawee junction, who was in the city Saturday evening. He intended returning on the Jackson train, but got left, and started down the track. It is supposed that he was under the influence of liquor, and lay down on the track. Both legs were cut off, the top of the head was sliced away, one arm was mangled, and the body presented a shocking sight when brought to the undertaker's, being stripped of all clothing by the train. It looked as if an eastbound train had first run over him, and the west-bound soon after threw the body back again. Some $40 in money, coin and bills, was scattered along the track. He was about 30 years old and unmarried.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.

Another Michigan Tragedy—Stabbed His Mother and Shot Himself.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., May 28.—(Special.)—Another double tragedy has been added to the already long list of horrors that have occured in this state this year, and the last is even more horrible in its details than the former ones.

Charles Velte, a young man 28 years old, last night stabbed his mother to death and afterward committed suicide by shooting. He was a furniture worker but has lately been out of employment, and became despondent.

He sharpened a long steel wire to a needle point, with which he stabbed his mother in the breast and abdomen six or eight times, inflicting wounds which will result fatally, and then he shot himself.

The mother was about 50 years old and an invalid and partially deranged. She was found in an adjoining room in bed when the shots called in the neighbors.

When Found Velte was resting on a bed with a bullet hole in his mouth and another over his eye, with a short double-barreled rifle resting on his breast and his finger still on the trigger, a revolver on the floor at his feet and another on the table, besides a watch and chain, and a shot-gun hanging on the wall. Under his head was the needle with which he stabbed his mother. He was still alive when discovered, but died soon after.

Yesterday morning he wrote a friend, Adolf Goesler, that he meditated suicide, and when Goesler came, Velte met him at the door, excalimed that it was too late, and went back into the house to complete the work he had probably already commenced on his mother. His friend supposed he spoke of himself and that he had taken poison, and hastened away for a doctor and scarcely had he gone when the shots were heard.

INDIANA OIL.

Excitement Runs High in Clay County and Indications Are Good.

BRAZIL, Ind., May 28.—(Special.)—The oil fever rages high throughout Clay county. Besides Brazil, Knightsville, Staunton, Poverty and Clay City, Saline City and Center Point have contracted the fever. If oil can not be found, gas will be accepted in lieu. It is claimed by a pretended expert in gas, oil and salt blossoms, that all three may be tapped in the immediate vicinity of Saline City. The most noted salt lick known to the pioneers of this part of the state was within a mile of that place. A gentleman who claims to be familiar with the external phenomena of the gas region in Western Ohio, says that he has traced all the most familiar indications in the same vicinity. Other developments than that of "black diamonds" seem to be prospectively in store for little Clay.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS,

Fifty Girls Go Out on a Strike at Lima—They Made a Mistake.

LIMA, O., May 28.—(Special.)—All the girls employed in the egg case department of the Paper Mills, numbering about 50, went out on a strike yesterday for an increase of 25 cents a day. They have been receiving 50 cents for day work and 60 for night work. The company refused to grant the increase and paid them off.

ROPE AND KNIFE.

Daniel Collins Uses Both in a Savage Attempt to Take His Own Life.

ALLIANCE, O., May 24.—A horrible job of attempted self-butchery and hanging was enacted in East Alliance about 10:30 yesterday morning, the victim being Daniel Collins, an old and well known citizen. Collins lives with his wife, who keeps a grocery store, and with them lives James Boyle, her brother. Collins is about 75 years of age, has been an invalid for years and unable to work. Although having plenty of money for a good livelihood, he was being constantly harrassed and illtreated by his wife and her brother.

This morning the house was again the scene of a family broil. At breakfast a dish of eggs was placed before him by Boyle, who asked if he would like them, then quickly snatching them away, devoured them himself. Unable to longer bear the heavy burden, the old man went to the orchard, and placing a step ladder in position, placed a noose around his neck and was soon dangling between heaven and earth. A passing teamster saw him just in time and cut the rope that was drawing life to a close. On being cut down, a huge jack-knife was found in his hand with which he had inflicted a deep cut in the throat, almost sufficient to cause death, also two deep stabs over the heart and two gashes in his stomach. Collins is still hovering between life and death, but with no possible hope of recovery.

TWENTY MASKED MEN

Did a Little Job of Lynching Up at Port Huron Last Monday.

PORT HURON, Mich., May 27.—(Special.)—At 2 o'clock this morning about 20 masked men forced the county jail open and took the prisoner, Martin, out and hung him from the Seventh street bridge, where his body still hangs. They dragged him down the street, not an officer being in sight. Martin is the tramp that entered the farm house of John Gulis, four miles west of this city, about two weeks ago, and brutally assaulted and outraged his wife. She has been in a precarious condition ever since, and is not expected to live.

Not a Bad Definition.

Teacher, to pupil—"Johnnie, what is a demagogue?" Johnnie—"A demagogue is a vessel that holds wine, gin, whisky or any other liquor."—*Detroit Free Press.*

COVER THEM OVER.

BY WILL CARLTON.

COVER them over with beautiful flowers;
Deck them with garlands, those brothers of ours,
Lying so silent, by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away;
Years they had marked for the joys of the brave,
Years they must waste in the sloth of the grave—
All the bright laurels they fought to make bloom
Fell to the earth when they went to the tomb.
Give them the meed they have won in the past,
Give them the honors their merits forecast;
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife,
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.

Cover them over—yes, cover them over,
Parent and husband and brother and lover,
Crown in your heart these dead heroes of ours
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the faces that motionless lie,
Shut from the blue of the glorious sky—
Faces once lit with the smiles of the gay,
Faces now marred by the frown of decay.
Eyes that beamed friendship and love to your own,
Lips that sweet thoughts of affection made known,
Brows you have soothed in the day of distress,
Cheeks you have flushed by the tender caress,
Faces that brightened at war's stirring cry,
Faces that streamed when they bade you good-bye,
Faces that glowed in the battle's red flame,
Paling for naught till the Death Angel came.

Cover them over, etc.

Cover the hands that are resting half tired,
Crossed on the bosom or low by the side;
Hands to you, mother, in infancy thrown;
Hands that you, father, clasped till in your own.
Hands where you, sister, when tried and dismayed,
Hung for protection and counsel and aid;
Hands that you, brother, for faithfulness knew;
Hands that now, wife, wrung in bitter ruleu;
Bravely the cross of their country they bore,
Words of devotion they wrote with their gore;
Grandly they grasped for a garland of light,
Catching the mantle of death-darkened night.

Cover them over, etc.

Cover the feet, that all weary and torn
Hither by comrades were tenderly borne—
Feet that have trodden through love-lighted ways
Near to you in the old happy days;
Feet that have pressed in life's opening morn
Roses of pleasure and death's poisoned thorn;
Swiftly they rushed to the help of the right,
Firmly they stood in the shock of the fight;
Ne'er shall the enemy's hurrying tramp
Summon them forth from their death-guarded camp:
Ne'er till Eternity's bugle shall sound,
Will they come out from their couch in the ground.

Cover them over, etc.

Cover the hearts that have beaten so high,
Beaten with hopes that were born but to die;
Hearts that have burned in the heat of the fray,
Hearts that have yearned for the homes far away;
Hearts that beat high in the charge's loud tramp;
Hearts that low fell in the prison's foul damp.
Once they were swelling with courage and will,
Now they are lying all pulseless and still;
Once they were glowing with friendship and love,
Now the great souls have gone soaring above;
Bravely their blood to the Nation they gave,
Then in her bosom they found them a grave.

Cover them over, etc.

Cover the thousands who sleep far away,
Sleep where their friends cannot find them to-day;
They, who in mountain, and hillside, and dell,
Rest where they wearied, and lie where they fell;
Softly the grass blade creeps 'round their repose;
Sweetly above them the wild flowerets blows;
Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead,
Whisp'ring home to the patriot dead,
So in our minds we will name them once more,
So in our hearts we will cover them o'er,
Roses, and lilies, and violets blue,
Bloom in our souls for the brave and the true.

Cover them over, etc.

When the long years have swept slowly away
E'en to the dawn of earth's funeral day,
When at the archangel's trumpet and tread,
Rise up the mass and forms of the dead;
When the great world its last judgment awaits,
When the blue sky shall swing open its gates,
And our long columns march silently through,
Past the Great Captain for final review;
Then for the blood that has flowed for the right,
Crowns shall be given, untarnished and bright;
Then the glad ear of each war-martyred son
Proudly shall hear the good judgment, well done.
Blessings for garlands shall cover them o'er—
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover,
God will reward those dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Henry Clay and the Tough.

Henry Clay once invaded the blue grass region of Tennessee to make a speech. When he arrived at his destination a tough looking specimen evidently in the last stages of whiskyism stepped from the throng, slapped the great orator on the back, and said in Southern vernacular:

"Howdy, Mr. Clay!"

The great man shook his head and replied: "Be kind enough to turn your head that I may see your profile."

The man averted his face while the flickering torchlights enabled the observer to study him closely for several seconds.

"Twenty years ago," said Mr. Clay, "you had not begun to grow that long beard and was smooth-faced—eh?"

"Thas's right."

"You were not then a cyclops, but had two whole eyes—eh?"

"That's right, I reckon."

"Ah! Then you sat on a jury before which I pleaded a case, and your name is ——. Am I not right?"

"I reckon you are, suah."

"Yes, yes; I remember you perfectly. And," continued Mr. Clay, "you had one other characteristic, which I now recall—you were then a gentleman."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The presence of dandruff indicates a diseased scalp, and if not cured, blanching of the hair and baldness will result. Hall's Hair Renewer will cure it.

The Use of Rubber.

Dr. Priestly wrote in 1770 that he had seen "a substance excellently adapted to the purpose of wiping from paper the marks of a black lead-pencil." This was India rubber in cakes half an inch square, which were sold at 75 cents each. Rubber is now made into tires and springs for wagons, jewelry, combs, knife handles, boxes, dishes, coats, tents, shoes, buckets and hundreds of other articles. In this country we import annually about 14,000,000 pounds of crude rubber, at a cost of about $10,000,000.

Paper Tough as Wood.

A plan for rendering paper as tough as wood or leather has been recently introduced on the continent. It consists of mixing chloride of zinc with the pulp in the course of manufacture. It has been found that the greater the degree of concentration of the zinc solution the greater will be the toughness of the paper. It can be used for making boxes, conns, for roofing, and even for making boxes.

Don't Get Caught

This spring with your blood full of impurities, your digestion impaired, your appetite poor, kidneys and liver torpid, and whole system liable to be prostrated by disease—but get yourself into good condition, and ready for the changing and warmer weather, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It stands unequalled for purifying the blood, giving an appetite, and for a general spring medicine.

Domestic Tastes.

Mrs. A.—"Isn't your husband a man of domestic tastes?"

Mrs. B.—"Oh, yes, and that's the reason I won't keep one."

"Won't keep what?"

"A domestic."—*Texas Siftings.*

USE
St. Jacobs Oil.
FOR
PAIN.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

A SCENE IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

A Ceremony That Has Been Enacted Every Night for Eight Hundred Years.

Your hansom is allowed to drive in after hailing the gate, but you will notice that a soldier marches in front, partly as guide and partly because it is a fortress into which you have penetrated, and "past 8 o'clock. You go at almost a foot's pace down the hill and then to the left along the inner road parallel with the Thames, between grim granite walls, where the gloom grows darker, through grim gates, beneath grim archways; the burden of this mass of masonry lying heavier on your soul at every step; the shadows weighing on you; and the sky on this clear night—for it is clear outside—seen by glimpses, looking infinitely more remote than the usual London heavens, which are for the most part a canopy of smoke, as it were, just over your head. Presently you come into the barrack yard and a blessed expanse of air and evening light.

Three hours later, as I said good night, my host stopped me. "There is something you would like to see, and it is just time. Come along." As we went out an officer of the Guards rushed by in full uniform, sword ringing against the stone steps, huge bear-skin helmet and all the rest, and cried out to us: "You will be late if you don't hurry," and away he went as the double quick across the moonlit parade. It was rather soon after dinner for a constitutional, but we followed and found the guard already turned out under the gallery by the Bloody Tower. A moment later appeared a little squad of men, one of them in a flowing scarlet robe with a lighted lantern, coming up the steep slope that leads from Traitors' Gate. The sentry challenged sharply:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

The warder halts and answers:

"The keys."

"Whose keys?"

"Queen Victoria's keys."

"Pass, Queen Victoria's keys." The warder in the flowing scarlet robe, with the lighted lantern, followed by his little squad, starts off again, but halts again and cries out:

"God save Queen Victoria!"

The guard comes to the present, the officer brings his sword to the salute, officer and men respond in chorus three times with a kind of cheer:

"Amen, Amen, Amen."

Again the warder sets out, passes, turns square to the left, and vanishes, he and his flowing scarlet, and his lantern, and his little squad. He is carrying the keys of the tower to the governor of the tower. It was but a minute. The guard are dismissed, the officer marches leisurely off. My friend and I are left there. Only a minute; yet that selfsame ceremony has been transacted on that same spot at that same hour every night for something like 800 years. Back through all those countless centuries of English story you hear nightly that challenge ring out; nightly that blessing invoked on king or queen, with, I suppose, an interval when Oliver Protector got the benefit of it; nightly the clash of steel which tells the constable of the tower that all is well; and nightly those keys have made their singular journey into the hands of the king's lieutenant.—*New York Tribune.*

How the Average Woman Swims.

The majority of the fair pupils swim with their arms only, and if they do kick, the force of their stockinged soles is lost on the air. Instead of drawing the legs up under the body as a good male swimmer does, the feminine pupil bends the leg at the knee, so that the lower parts of the limbs rise gracefully above the surface of the water at every stroke and then drop back with a thud, as if part of the roof of the bath house had fallen in. The effect of this innovation is most exhilerating, especially to the disinterested spectators. In proportion to their size, women have heavier legs than smaller legs than men; and as lung power has much to do with a swimmer's buoyancy, a woman has a tendency in the water to pitch head downward. The conformation of her body, too, helps this unpleasant tendency, so that when she aggravates the trouble by kicking her heels out of the water she looks like a duck diving for clams.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

An Ambitious Teacher.

The secretary of the Interior has received a novel request from a schoolteacher in Kansas City. This teacher makes a mild requisition for a full set of blanks such as are used in the Interior department. He explains his request by stating that he teaches civil government in the high school, and wishes to give his scholars an object lesson concerning government blanks, applications, appointments, etc. In a postscript he adds that a full set of patent office, pension, Indian bureau, education and census blanks will be doubly appreciated. As a full set of the various blanks requested would about fill two freight cars, it is not likely that the secretary will forward them.

In Harmony With Nature.

When we adjust effort to capability we usually succeed, for the highest good comes from acting in harmony with nature. How is this principle embodied in Compound Oxygen.

1st. It is composed of natures simples in salutary adjustment Oxygen with Nitrogen, to which the vitality of positive magnetization is added.

2nd. It is administered, not for the purpose of usurping nature's prerogatives, but, to encourage and keep reserve her kindly moods.

Here are cases in point:

STILLWATER, N. Y., May 31, 1887.

"I feel very thankful that my attention was ever called to Compound Oxygen.

E. H. SMITH.

ATTLEBORO, MASS., MAY 28, 1887

"Those suffering from catarrh will find Compound Oxygen the most wonderful remedy of the age. That's a fact for we are using it!" *Attleboro Advertiser.*

PLUMVILLE, PA., April 25, 1887.

"I am an earnest advocate of Compound Oxygen treatment and have recommended it to many afflicted friends." EMMA L. DAVIS.

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

Two Modest Men.

An Indiana man has just written to the secretary of the Interior, stating that he wants $3,500. He says he is old and feeble, and needs the money and thinks the government ought to give it to him. He therefore asks the secretary for the amount suggested, and requests that it be forwarded as early as possible. An Ohio man is a little more modest in his request. He says he has a farm of 640 acres, and that it is mortgaged for $2,000. That amount, he says, will just exactly get him out of debt and start him square with the world. He will accept of that, of course, being on the credit side. He asks the secretary to send him $2,000 by return mail as a loan, and says he will pay it back to the government in installments.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

A Good Housekeeper.

How can I tell her?
By her cellar;
Cleanly shelves and whitened wall.
I can guess her
By her dresser;
By the tidy stair and hall.
And with pleasure
Take her measure
By the way she keeps her brooms
Or the peeping
At the keeping
Of her back and unseen rooms.
By her kitchen's air of neatness,
And its general completeness,
We have a confidence and sweetness
The rose of order blooms.
—*Jewish Messenger.*

—Dyspepsia, its nature, causes, prevention and cure. How to eat, how to avoid. By John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass. Free to any address.

Colorado's Exhilarating Climate.

A well-to-do gentleman, the possessor of a charming wife, and residing in the state of New York, lacked only one thing to make them both happy, and that was an heir to inherit the blessings that had been given them in the way of property. Twelve years of married life failed to bring them this blessing. A change of climate was decided upon and the pair removed to the vicinity of Longmont, in this state, where the husband engaged in the cattle business. A year's residence in Colorado had scarcely gone by when not only one, but a pair of bouncing babies came to bless the lives of the parents. Was the lady satisfied? Not at all. She packed her trunks and bundled off to the old home, declaring "Colorado was too healthful by at least 50 per cent."—*Denver News.*

HIGH HEELS VS. COMMON SENSE.

The Latter Have Driven Out the Creation of the French Bootmaker.

The battle of the boots has been waging for a long time, and the contest is not even yet decisively settled, but the French boot appears to have been badly demoralized. It looks as if it were about ready to retire from the fray, and although it may live to fight another day, there is not much vim left in it at present.

The common sense shoe now lords it over the shop windows and plants its broad heel on the pavement in self-complacent assurance assurance that it has at last become "the mode."

And it needs only a walk through these regions of the town where women most do congregate to show that heels have come down and soles have spread out to such an extent that the French boot is well nigh frozen out.

A New York *Press* reporter walked up Broadway from Fourteenth to Twenty-third street, and took a census of women's heels when the tide of afternoon shoppers was at his height. It was a windy day, and the count was therefore very accurate.

In all that distance, although the sidewalks were crowded with women, there were only ten French heels. Three of these were on the feet of ladies who seemed rather country-cousinish—in short, they looked as if they might be Chicago women. Four others limped and wore an oh-how-my-corn-hurts expression on their faces.

At the same time 20 women were counted who wore shoes of the extremest common sense type—the heels were low and broad, and set squarely on the shoe, the soles were wide and the toes square. Some of these women were poorly and some fashionably dressed, but none of them limped, and none looked as if they had toothache in the toes.

The rest of the women, and their number went away up into the hundreds, wore "medium" shoes, shoes that were pronounced in neither way, but showed a decided tendency toward the common sense style. The heels were just a little higher than the common sense heel, and were inclined forward and curved in just a little more, and the soles were not quite as broad, and the toes just a little narrower and more pointed.

On Fifth avenue, from Thirty-third street up to Fiftieth, just two pairs of French heels were encountered. One of these was attached to the feet of a colored woman and the other was worn by a lady who braced herself against the wind and asked the reporter, as she pointed to the Catholic cathedral, if that was the Metropolitan Opera-house.

It was a bright, warm day, and the daughters of wealth and luxury tripped lightly up and down the sidewalk, singly and in twos and threes in unusual numbers. And every one of them wore shoes that five years ago would have been deemed most shocking. For they were all of the extremest type.

The heels were as low and as broad and as square as heels could be and still be heels, the soles were broad and thick and the uppers substantial. Not a single high heel or narrow toe was seen among those who evidently belonged in that region.

The shoe shops tell much the same story of the present status of the contest. For the last two or three years, the shoe men say, there has been a constantly increasing call for shoes of varying degrees of common sense. There are two, or more, shops in the city which from their start have refused to have anything to do with high heels or narrow soles.

One of these, which deals only in the most uncompromising type of heel and sole—such as those seen on Fifth avenue—has grown in half a dozen years from a narrow, tiny, two-man place to a palatial shop, with an army of employes.

The clerks do not work over your foot for half an hour, trying to smoothe on a shoe three sizes too small, and then tell you it's too big. They constantly urge you to try a larger number, and the bigger the boot they can persuade you to buy the better pleased they are.

FINDING THE LAOCOON.

An Interesting History of the Discovery of the Famous Statue.

The Laocoon may be the original statue bepraised by Pliny, but even that (says a writer in the *Magazine of Art*) is open to doubt. The history of the finding of this statue was in this wise. It happened in 1566, when Raphael, a youth of three-and-twenty, was painting in Florence. In the month of June, a messenger arrived in hot haste at the Vatican to tell Pope Julius II. that workmen excavating in a vineyard near St. Maria Maggiore had come upon statues. The Pope turned to one of his grooms, and bid him run to his architect, Giuliano da San Gallo, to tell him to go there at once and see about it. San Gallo instantly had his horse saddled, took his young son Francisco, who relates this, on the crupper behind him, and called for Michelangelo, and away the three trotted through the hot and dusty streets, as we may imagine, in a great state of excitement. When they reached the place, they beheld that agonized face which we all know so well, and which many of us have tried to copy so often. "It is the Laocoon of Pliny!" exclaimed San Gallo. Mad with excitement, they urged on the workmen, a great hole was cleared away, and they were able to contemplate that wonderful group, certainly the finest monument of antiquity which had as yet been revealed to the modern world. After this, as Francisco says, they went to dinner. How they must have talked! We can imagine the poor wife crying despairingly to her lord: "Dear Giuliano, do leave off talking for a moment, dinner is getting quite cold!" I should like to hear them there; but that is idle. The statue was transferred to the Belvedere, and then arose the question, was it Pliny's Laocoon or a copy?—a question not decided to this day. Pliny says that the statue was carved by Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus of Rhodes out of a single block of marble. The Laocoon is in five pieces, but very skilfully joined.

MAY EXCITE A SMILE.

If marriage is a success divorce is a successor.

When a man is well fixed he is not in a fix.

A soft yet persistent answer turneth away a borrowing neighbor.

Journals that use lightning presses ought to be able to make thundering reports.

Employers who would keep upon their feet must not allow their hands to be idle.

The families whose descent is the best never utilize it for any personal notoriety.

They have cotton bagging at the South and pants bagging at the knees.

The only time it is good policy to burn the bridge behind you is when the enemy is in the rear.

"Quiet marriages" cause the most noise in the end.

Commercially speaking it requires more than one note to take "a flat."

The Boston girl says "bracelet snake." It isn't polite to say garter snake.

Chicago's Cronin promises to rival in notoriety the Oregon article, vintage of '78.

When a man disagrees with you regard it as an evidence of a want of brains and let him go in peace.

Modesty is the politeness of conceit.

Life is a great public park, where it is forbidden to gather flowers.

ALL competent authorities, prominent among them being F. F. Roberts, M. D., Professor of Chemical Medicine at University College Hospital, London, Eng., say "Bright's disease has no marked symptoms of its own, but takes the symptoms of other (so-called) diseases." If you have headache, feeble appetite, failure of eyesight, tube casts in urine, gradual loss of flesh and dropsical swelling, extreme wakefulness, distressing nervousness, do not neglect such symptoms, or you will eventually have Bright's disease, or some other effect of neglected kidney disease. Take Warner's Safe Cure, the only recognized specific for this disease.

Fear Changed to Hope.

She—Oh, I shouldn't like to be bitten by a boa constrictor.

He—Boa constrictors don't bite.

She—Don't they? What do they do?

He—They squeeze you.

She—Oh, that's ever so much nicer"—*Boston Herald.*

With teeth all stained, and loose, I thought
That nothing could be begged or bought
To cure them; and I cried, in pain,
"O, would that they were good again!"
At last, let songs of praise go round,
A cure in SOZODONT I found.

The First Overshoes.

The first overshoes were made of soft rubber, shaped like the foot of a stocking. They were very soft and elastic and could be rolled up and put in one's pocket. They were, however, not durable, as walking with them on anything but a smooth surface or upon frozen ground cut them full of holes. Goodyear's experiments, begun in 1838, led to the discoveries that have made rubber so common.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with that set.]

WHEELER'S RAID.

COMRADE DAN KNIGHT, FIFTH IOWA CAV.

ACCORDING to the Southerners, the notorious raid of the rebel cavalry under General Wheeler, of Alabama, is considered to be one of the most successful exploits of that famous cavalry leader. Just where the success came in, however, I have never been able to determine. That he destroyed some of our wagons in Sequatchie valley there is no doubt; but if men ever paid a high price for their fun, these same rebel raiders did.

After burning the train in Sequatchie valley they moved on McMinnville, which they entered without opposition, as there were only a few convalescents in the town. If Wheeler had turned back through the mountains he would probably have gotten away safely, but this was one of his foolish errors. He tried to get through via Shelbyville and Farmington, to Lamb's Ferry on the Tennessee river.

We met him at Wartrace, with the 5th Iowa, Col. Matt Patrick, and four companies of the 3d Ohio. The raiders did not seem to be anxious to fight, for instead of attacking our little force and driving us out of their way, as we expected they would, they slipped around us and tried to sneak away. They also attempted to burn a bridge and trestle at Wartrace, but when we charged on them they promptly retreated. We followed them closely, giving them no opportunity to do mischief. At Shelbyville they made a stand, but Major Young, who commanded our advance, charged on the town and the valiant raiders fled in dismay from our advance guard. From Shelbyville we kept them going pretty lively until they reached Farmington, about noon the following day. But Wheeler soon found that while he was in such haste to elude our small command of scarcely two regiments, Gen. Crook, with Wilder's and Minty's brigades, was calmly waiting for him at Farmington.

Had there not been an unfortunate misunderstanding on the part of Minty, Gen. Wheeler and his entire command would undoubtedly have been bagged. Minty misinterpreted Crook's instructions, in some manner, so that when Wilder made the attack, Minty was not on hand, as it was expected he would be, to charge on the rebels as they entered the woods. The 7th Pa. and the 4th —— did make an effort to do so, but were too late to head Wheeler off. Wilder's men were pretty roughly handled for a short time on account of Minty's blunder. The 17th and 72d Ind. regiments suffered terribly in this fight, and Col. Monroe was killed.

When we arrived the fight was over. When Col. Patrick arrived Gen. Crook saw there was blood in his eye, so he sent us in pursuit of the flying Jhonnies. We soon overtook them and kept them going at a lively rate. As Sugar creek Wheeler posted a brigade under command of Ross, to hold us in check, while the other remainder of his command an opportunity to cross the Tennessee river. As soon as Col. Matt saw the line of gray in our front, he turned to Major Young, hat in hand, and said:

"Give them a taste of your sabers, major."

Promptly came the order: "Company C, draw sabers! Forward, march! A-t-t-e-n-t-i-o-n! Trot! Charge!"

The gray line that had looked so compact and impenetrable, soon melted away into a panic-stricken, demoralized mob of flying horsemen. The forest seemed to be full of fleeing cavalrymen. "I surrender; don't kill me!" could be heard on all sides. Our boys had their dander up, for the Johnnies had been for days eluding us, and now that an opportunity presented, we were anxious to severely chastise the foe.

Thirty rebels were killed by being sabered, but only a small number were wounded in proportion. Those killed were all on the road, except a few who endeavored to escape through the woods, and suffered themselves to be cut down rather than to surrender.

I was beside Major Young on the road, during the engagement, and there were some shots fired at us from the right. The major called to me to follow him, and, after scurrying through the woods the distance of a half mile, we came upon an Irishman who belonged to my company. He had taken prisoner a rebel lieutenant.

"How's yer mother?" says Mac, "put the spalpane is after leading me te divil's own race. Faith, an' do yez see this ould ting Oi hev for a hat? Oi had me own plooked off by the limb av a tree, an' whin this bloody leftin

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not make space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

The Pyramids.

P. V., Wesley, Iowa, writes: "Have read THE BLADE three years, but have never seen anything about the pyramids in the Holy Land. Will you please tell all you can concerning them?"

The "Holy Land" is Palestine, and it has no pyramids. You probably refer to Egypt. Pyramids are found in Egypt, India and Mexico. Those of Egypt are nothing more than monuments and tombs of Egyptian kings. They contain, or have contained, sarcophagi and mummies, and the inscriptions on the tombs of many princes testify to special honor that the deceased officiated at the funeral services held at the pyramids. The three largest and most noted are those at Ghizeh, the largest of which, called the Great Pyramid, which originally covered an area of 764 feet square (between 12 and 13 acres), and contains 6,316,000 tons of stone. It was erected in honor of King Cheops. The second of these three pyramids is King Shafra's. Its base originally measured 707.16 ft. square, and 454 ft. 3 in. high. The third pyramid is 354.9 feet square and 219 feet high. Its interior was first explored by Col. Vyse, in 1837, who found in a chamber in its center a highly finished sarcophagus, a mummy bearing the name of King Menkara, and the body of a workman. The two bodies are now in the British Museum. In the vicinity are six smaller pyramids, and the sphinx. The next group of pyramids, going southward up the Nile, is at Dashour, of which there are five, two of stone and three of rough brick. The largest is 719½ feet square, and 342½ feet high. Abusir has a group of 14 pyramids, many of them small, and some mere heaps of rubbish, only two being over 100 feet high. The Sakkara pyramids are not far away, and are 17 in number. There are about 70 pyramids in all in Egypt. They are frequently met with further up the Nile valley, numbers are many in Nubia, one single group containing 120.

Standard Parallels—Federal Circuit Courts.

W. W. D., Hamlin, O.: 1.—Standard parallels, which are also called "correction lines," are lines extending east and west from the principal meridian, at intervals of every 24 miles, north and south of the base line. For government surveys, the surveyor must use these lines (which are astronomically established) to test his instrument at every twelve miles of line run, by taking the altitude, or by observation on the polar star; and, if error be found, must make the necessary corrections before proceeding with his survey.

2.—There are nine justices of the Supreme court of the United States, and hence there are but nine circuits—one for each justice. The present districts and assignments are as follows:

First—Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island; Justice Gray, of Boston, Mass.

Second—Vermont, Connecticut and New York; Justice Blatchford, of New York.

Third—New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware; Justice Bradley, of Newark, N. J.

Fourth—Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina; unrepresented. [This was the late Justice Matthews's circuit.]

Fifth—Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas; Justice Lamar, of Mississippi.

Sixth—Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky and Tennessee; Justice Harlan, of Kentucky.

Seventh—Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin; Chief Justice Fuller, of Chicago.

Eighth—Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas and Colorado; Justice Miller, of Keokuk, Iowa.

Ninth—California, Oregon and Nebraska; Justice Field, of California.

3.—The subdivision of a township in the Virginia military district of Ohio are sections, etc., the same as other townships.

Postage Stamps—The Crucifixion.

W. J. B., Glasgow, Ala.: 1.—The system of prepaying postage by small adhesive labels, or stamps, was first introduced by Rowland Hill in England in 1837, and was adopted by the British postoffice in 1840. The use of postage stamps was begun in the United States in 1847. But Rowland Hill is not to be called the "inventor" of the adhesive stamps. In point of fact, nobody invented adhesive stamps. They were a growth. The famous stamps issued under the "stamp act" in 1799, which caused such a commotion in the colonies, were a little larger than an ordinary postage stamp, and were affixed to the document to be stamped by a slip of tin foil which passed through two narrow slits in the stamp, thence through similar slits in the document, and the ends of the foil being bent over to secure it. From this to the use of gum was but a step. Adhesive stamps were undoubtedly used before 1837. Rowland Hill has the credit of the idea of paying postage by adhesive stamps, not of inventing adhesive stamps.

2.—United States stamps are used on letters sent to Canada, and Canadian stamps on letters mailed in Canada for points in the United States. There is no postage question between the two countries under which this is done.

3.—"Is there any place in the Bible that says our Savior drank the vinegar during his crucifixion?" There is no positive statement to that effect, but the presumption is that He did. The language of John's Gospel (xix. 29, 30) indicates that he did drink: "Now there was set a vessel full of vinegar; and they filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it upon hyssop, and put it to his mouth. When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost." Again, if He had refused to drink, the gospel chronicler would undoubtedly have mentioned it.

Water Power Stronger at Night.

F. S. M., Dawson, N. D., writes: "I do not agree with C. L. G., of Rock Spring, Mo., as to why water power is stronger at night. If I understand the construction of a water wheel, it is run altogether by the force of gravitation acting on the water and not by any atmospherical pressure.

"To my mind, C. L. G.'s view would imply that power could be produced on a water wheel, to some extent, by the pressure of the air, without the aid of water or other agency. If the pressure of the atmosphere at night is greater than the pressure is equal in all directions, hence it would have the same increased action on the lower side that it does on the upper side. However, it seems to me that an old style cylinder engine would, according to C. L. G., be stronger at night. I mean one whose piston is driven one way by steam and the other way by the pressure of the atmosphere. Of course the reason why the atmosphere acts on the piston is because the steam, as soon as it has done its work, instead of being allowed to exhaust, as in our modern cylinders, is condensed, which produces a vacuum in one end of the cylinder, while the other end is open of course, which leaves that side of the piston subject to fifteen pounds of atmospheric pressure per square inch.

"I am not able to answer the question as to why water power is stronger at night, but it seems to me that the reason why it will grind more at night, may be that the atmosphere is cooler, which, by contracting the metal in the bearings, it seems to me should make the machinery run lighter, and also the dampness of the atmosphere having a slight tendency to soften the grain, making it grind easier. I would like very much to hear the proper explanation of it. There is certainly cause behind the effect. I also wish to ask the Bureau if the above described steam cylinder is stronger at night, and if so why is it?"

Remarkable Electric Freak.

Reader, Oberlin, Kan., writes: "A few evenings ago my husband and I were sitting at the table reading. There was a strong east wind blowing and it was threatening rain. We were startled by a flash of light in the room and a snapping, crackling noise, like hair burning, only louder. The flash was not like paper burning, or anything else, except hair or thread. I can't describe it only as looking like a bunch of hair combings burning. It was about three feet from the floor. We did not think much about that flash, but in about five minutes there was another flash of the same kind only much larger, and my husband got a shock about like he had taken hold of the handles of a battery. My husband got up and held open an east door about a minute and then a south door, and had hid it open a minute or two when there was another flash larger than either of the others. The sparks of it it seemed to extend over nearly half of the room, and it is a good sized one. Then we thought we had better try and get away from so much electricity, so we went to an out-doors cellar, or dug-out. Now I would like to know all about it, what it was, what was the cause, and what was liable to have been the effect, and what one had better do in case such a thing should happen again. I might add that our rain turned to snow and about two inches fell."

The phenomenon was undoubtedly electrical; but it belongs to a very obscure class, and its cause is only conjectural. It is probable that the coming storm was accompanied by an electrical disturbance, and that this was a result of it. You did the best thing possible in vacating the premises. If any of our scientific readers can offer any further explanation, we shall be glad to publish it.

Measuring Height by Barometer.

A. J. S., Needleton, Colo.: The method of ascertaining height by triangulation requires an expert knowledge of trigonometry. The most common method of measuring height is by the aneroid barometer. It depends upon the fact that the higher we go above the level of the sea, the less atmosphere there is above us, and consequently the lower the mercury in a barometer tube will stand. The ratio of its fall is approximately as given below. Suppose the barometer to stand exactly at 30 inches at the level of the sea, at the following heights it would fall as follows:

Fall.	Barometer Stands.
1,000 feet.....1.12 inches	.....28.88 inches.
2,000 " .....2.20 "	.....27.80 "
3,000 " .....3.25 "	.....26.75 "
4,000 " .....4.25 "	.....25.775 "
5,000 " .....5.18 "	.....24.82 "
6,000 " .....6.12 "	.....23.88 "
7,000 " .....7. "	.....23.00 "
8,000 " .....7.85 "	.....22.15 "
9,000 " .....8.7 "	.....21.3 "
10,000 " .....9.54 "	.....20.46 "

Each aneroid barometer, however, has a variation of its own. The makers of the best instruments, intended for measuring heights, test each one and make a table of correction for it, which accompanies it when sold.

"Transplanting" and "Implanting" Teeth.

E. R. V., McPherson, Kan., writes: "In your reply to 'A Lady' concerning transplanting teeth, I wish to correct a popular error. Teeth, to be transplanted, do not necessarily require immediate removal from one mouth to another. An old tooth which has been extracted many years retains its vitality and becomes as firmly attached, provided the periosteum remains intact, as one freshly abstracted. Another of the late successes in dental practice is 'implantation.' A socket is drilled in the alveolar process, and a tooth, antiseptically prepared, is set therein. In a few days the tooth will become as firm as any in the mouth." A leading dentist of Toledo tells us that while this is so, replanted or implanted teeth often break down in structure within a few few years. Still, the operations are very successful, and the per cent of such teeth which fail to become fixed in the jaw is very small. The chief difficulty in the extension of the practice is in getting sound teeth to transplant or implant. Nobody desires to lose theirs, and hence the supply is very limited.

The "Harmonists."

Constant Reader, Hillsboro, O.: The Harmonists are a sect who believed George Rapp, of Wurtemberg, Germany, was inspired to restore primitive Christianity. They organized a community and came to the United States in 1803, settling at Harmony, Pa.; removed to New Harmony, Ind., in 1815, and in 1824 back to Economy, Pa., on the right bank of the Allegheny, 17 miles northwest of Pittsburg. They then numbered 1,000. They do not marry, hold everything in common, lead moral lives, and profess Christianity. In 1870 the village of Economy had but 225 inhabitants. The sect is said to be nearly extinct. We have no idea whether any of the original members yet live, nor can we learn anything of the talk of a division of the property among those remaining. Their total wealth can not be anything like $80,000,000; we should imagine $80,000 would be a big figure. Better write to some one in that locality for information. Some Pittsburg lawyer could doubtless inform you.

How to Get a Department Clerkship.

H. R., Vallonia, Ind.: All the clerkships in the department at Washington are under the civil service rules. First, determine in which department you desire to obtain a position; then apply to the civil service commission, stating which department you wish to enter, and you will receive a circular of information, and be told when to go to Washington and be examined. Of those who pass the examination, the four highest—that is, the four candidates who have the best grades—are certified to the secretary of that department for appointment; and when vacancies occur, they are appointed in order of merit. It is better to go to Washington prepared to stay several weeks, or even longer. Nobody can help you to one of these positions. Politicians have a hand in filling such places. Address your letter "John T. Doyle, Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C."

Hektograph Pads.

H., Toledo, Ohio: The following are the ingredients and proportions used in making the gelatine pads for reproducing copies of writing: Gelatine, 2 ounces; break into small bits, and soak in 6 ounces of water; when it is thoroughly soft, add 12 ounces glycerine and melt, stirring until it is perfectly homogeneous; then add 10 ounces glycerine, stirring well. When well mixed, pour into the pan, which should be the size of the paper the copies are to be made.

Write with the circular, letter, etc., to be copied, on a sheet of writing paper, in hektograph ink, which can be had at any stationer's; moisten the surface of the pad slightly; lay the written sheet on it, face downward; rub the back of the paper, and let it remain until the ink is taken off by the pad. Then remove the paper, and take as many copies as you choose by laying each sheet carefully on the pad and smoothing it down with the hand.

Statesmen's Nicknames—The Whigs—Henry Clay.

M. L. J., Randolph, Neb.: 1.—Among the familiar names given to American statesmen we recall: Henry Clay, "the Mill-Boy of the Slashes;" Thomas H. Benton, "Old Bullion;" John C. Calhoun, "the Great Nullifier;" Daniel Webster, "Defender of the Constitution," etc. We are glad to say this fashion of distinguishing great men by a nickname is dying out. It has nothing to recommend it. 2.—The Whig party favored, and put into practice tariff, internal improvements, a national bank, and various other measures that were vital at that time, but have now no interest. The Southern Whigs favored slavery extension, the Northern Whigs opposed it, and the party went to pieces on the question. 3.—Henry Clay was called the "Great Pacificator" because of his efforts to settle political disputes by compromise—like the Missouri compromise and the compromise bill of 1850.

A Medal and a Coin.

N. S. W., Zaleski, O., writes concerning a medal and a coin: "One is of brass; on one side is the head of a man; round the rim is 'Georgius III. Dei Gratia.' On the other side is a shield-like figure, with a crown; around the rim is, 'In memory of the good old times'; dated 1768. The other is a copper coin, on one side is 'Canada half-penny token'; on the other side is a ship; around the rim is the words, 'For public accommodation.' There is no date."

The first is a medal, struck in the reign of George III, King of England, but on what occasion we are ignorant. If any reader can inform us, we shall be glad to publish. It is of little value—only what some collector of medals or curiosities would be willing to pay for it. The second is a copper half-penny of Canada, of an early issue. It is worth one cent.

The Origin of "O. K."

G., Cheshire, N. H., writes: "More than a century ago the best tobacco and the best rum came from Aux Cayes (pronounced O. K.,) and the best of everything was designated as Aux Cayes, or O. K. This meaning of the phrase is still retained. In the Jackson campaign every lie that could be invented was used to blacken the general's character, and an indorsement that could be made. This 'O. K.' (meaning the best) was taken by Seba Smith and declared by him to be but an abbreviation of the general's customary indorsement of papers as 'all correct.' The New Yorker took up this statement and fastened the mystic letters upon their banners. The meaning of 'all correct' stuck to the letters, and since then they have been used in the two meanings of 'the best' and 'all right.'

The "Natural" Sign in Music.

A. L., Carver, Minn.: 1.—We are not familiar with the battery you mention. Better write to the *Scientific American*, New York, or some other scientific periodical. 2.—The "natural" sign in written music *always* means that the note to which it is attached, not matter what the key, is to be played natural—that is, raised or lowered half a step according as the key is in flats or sharps. Thus, in the key of E major, whose signature is four sharps, the sign in question being placed before F on the fifth line, indicates that it must be played as F natural, instead of F sharp, as the signature requires. Neither sharps nor flats are ever called naturals, and are only called "accidentals" when they are placed before notes which are not required to be sharped or flatted by the signature.

Is This Assertion True?

J. J. M., Nocona, Tex., asks whether it is true that "a petition, dated December 10, 1860, and signed by over 19,000 Republicans," was addressed to the Maine legislature, praying for the appointment of "commissioners to confer with the British government in regard to the immediate annexation of the state of Maine to the Canadas, also to make arrangements for secession of the state from the general government." We do not think anything of the sort happened. Will some reader of THE BLADE in New England answer whether there was any such movement? 2.—We are not certain whether "The Follett Curse" will be issued in book form or not. If so, it will be announced in THE BLADE.

Antique Oak Finish.

B. T. F., Toledo, O.: 1.—The following is the method of giving an antique finish to oak: Fill with Wheeler's filler, colored with umber to suit your taste; let it dry and get hard, and sandpaper well. Then fill again with the same filler thinned down with turpentine; let it dry 24 hours, and give another thorough sandpapering. Then give a coat of good hard-drying rubbing varnish; let it stand 30 to 48 hours, and then sandpaper down with very fine sandpaper. Then give it a coat of flowing rubbing varnish. Let it stand 48 hours, and rub down with pulverized pumice-stone and raw linseed oil, by means of a felt pad.

2.—The filling in the walls of refrigerators is, we think, pulverized charcoal.

Cryolite.

W. L. M., Colby, Mich.: 1.—Cryolite is a snow-white, partly transparent mineral, a compound of sodium, fluorine and aluminum. It is found in large quantities in Greenland, and is imported into England in great amount, to be used in the manufacture of aluminum, and for other chemical purposes. Several thousand tons are imported into the United States annually, to use in the manufacture of white porcelain glass, and in the preparation of caustic soda. It is also found in the Ural mountains. 2.—You will find the number of Union soldiers in the rebellion given the BUREAU in BLADE of May 16. We have not the other figures inquired for.

No Question Asked.

Reader, Toledo, O., puts the following: "I would like to know what would be the best to do in the following case: A person emigrated to America under age, and enlisted a few months afterward; served one year and four months faithfully, but left at the expiration of that time, without a discharge. Never got out any naturalization papers."

What is it you want to do? You do not say. If you will write again and tell us, we will try to answer. As the case stands, the person is a deserter. His being under age, and not naturalized, has nothing to do with the desertion.

Sticky Fly Paper.

A. L., Milwaukee, Wis.: Sticky fly paper is thus made: Take castor oil, 2 ounces; resin, 6 ounces; white sugar, 1 ounce. Melt together with very gentle heat, until they are thoroughly incorporated; then spread on sheets of stout paper.

Miscellaneous.

"Joe Miller," Beech Creek, Pa.: Write to President Harrison and find out.

Azel, Malone, N. Y.: Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage is not a third-party Prohibitionist.

M. J., Caro, Mich.: We are ignorant of the laws of Massachusetts. Consult a lawyer.

O. J. S., Placer county, Cal.: Your question has been handed the editor of the FARM department.

B. D. R., Alpha, Kan.: Apply by letter for admission to the commandant of the soldiers' home which you would like to enter.

E. T. P., Mayville, N. Y.: We cannot undertake to advise as to the treatment of diseases. Better consult a good physician.

L. K., Shingletown, Cal.: 1.—The timber act and pre-emption land laws have not been repealed. 2.—We have not the figures to definitely answer your second and third questions.

J. P. B., Mocksville, Ind.: We have no idea where a market can be found for "fresh water pearls." Get a jeweler to give you the address of some wholesale dealer in jewels in New York city. See Rule 2 above.

R. S. T., Beloit, Kan.: 1. THE BLADE took its present stand for prohibition early in 1852. It was the first political newspaper to take strong, consistent ground against the rum power. 2. We do not know of any.

——, Bronson, Kan.: The "Persian," or more properly "Angora" cat, is slightly larger than the ordinary domestic cat. As to their value as "rattlers," we do not know. Their color is generally reddish white, but it varies somewhat. They range in price from $25 to $60 each.

E. S. R., Sarcoxie, Mo.: The stove, cooking or heating, was not invented by any one person. It was a growth, and no one is entitled to the honor of being called its inventor. The modern stoves date from a little over a century ago, and have been constantly improved ever since.

Ben, Lehew, W. Va.: 1.—A "mascot" (masculine) or "mascotte" (feminine) is a household fairy, whose presence brings good luck. It is an Italian superstition. We do not know the full name of J. R. McKee, President Harrison's son-in-law, nor the names of his father or mother.

J. G., Osage, Iowa, has trouble with an acoustic telephone, which "sings" so that nothing can be understood over it. He asks for a remedy. Unfortunately there is none. The singing is the result of vibration, and there is no means of stopping that. Drawing the wire still tighter is the only possible means of improving it.

G. J. B. Chicago, Ill.: Lucas county, Ohio, did not offer the $100 bounty to volunteers until in the fall of 1863. All who volunteered before that were not entitled to it. As you volunteered in the 14th Ohio in 1861, you are not debarred. You were, of course, entitled to the $200 bounty from the United States, which you can collect if you did not get it then.

W. H. M., ——, O.: 1.—The medal you speak of is a campaign medal of 1852, when Scott and Graham were the Whig candidates for President and Vice President. It has no particular value. 2.—The average working hours in the United States are shorter than in any other country. 2—We believe in the Masonic division of the day—eight hours for labor, eight hours for meals, recreation and relaxation, and eight hours for sleep."

J. A. H., Bladen, Neb.: The "Cherokee strip" and "No Man's land" are not the same. The latter, of which the proper name is the "public land strip" or "neutral strip," is the northern portion lying north of the Panhandle of Texas and south of Kansas. Its eastern end is on a line with the eastern line of the Panhandle. The "Cherokee strip" lies east of "No Man's land," and is about twice as wide. "No Man's land" belongs to the government.

J. P. S., Armour, N. C.: 1.—When type for books, newspapers, etc., is set up, an impression is taken, which is called a "proof." This is read carefully, and the errors made by the compositors marked so that they may be corrected. This is called "proof reading." 2.—Hon. A. W. Thompson, of New York, was appointed minister to Hayti May 5, 1885. 3.—We have no means of knowing the number of colored soldiers in the regular army at present.

R. C. Christian, Tex.: 1.—"Reno" is pronounced "Re-ne," accent on the second, the sound of *e* in the first syllable being the same as in *red*, and in the last the long sound of *o*, but less prolonged. Directoire is pronounced "di-rect-war," accent on second, short sound of *i* in first, and "Redingote" is pronounced either "red-in-goat" or "red-ing-goat," accent on first. 2. Jane Hading is a famous French actress who played an engagement in America this spring.

G. F. T., Hawkinsville, Ga.: When fleas infest a house, the ground on which it stands, and everything in the line of getting rid of them is almost hopeless. It is said that chamomile flowers sprinkled in the beds will drive them away. Take pennyroyal, and scatter it in all infested localities; and if the area be not too extensive, the oil of pennyroyal will drive them off. It is also said that common salt, liberally sprinkled about, will rid a house of them. Whichever you try, use plenty of it.

O. A. L., Eldred, N. Y.: The horse power of an engine is found by multiplying the effective pressure upon the piston in pounds per square inch by the velocity of the piston in feet per minute, and dividing by 33,000. For your other question, you should apply to some engine-builder, giving him all the data, including the amount of power to be delivered per minute or hour. The kind of pump also enters into the problem. We do not understand what is meant by a rule for regulating the speed of pulleys.

—Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself and superior to all other preparations in strength, economy, and medicinal merits.

He Was Justly Glad.

"I am truly sorry, Johnny," said the friend of the family, meeting the little boy on the street, "to learn that your father's house was burned down yesterday. Was nothing saved?" "Don't you waste no grief on me," replied Johnny. "All of paw's old clothes were burned up in that fire, and maw can't make any of 'em over for me this time. Tum-tiddle-lum-tum whoop-de-doodle-doo!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

REMARKABLE CASE.

For two years I had rheumatism so bad that it disabled me for work and confined me to my bed for a whole year, during which time I could not even raise my hands to my head, and for 3 months could not move myself in bed, was reduced in flesh from 192 to 86 lbs. Was treated by best physicians, only to grow worse. Finally I took Swift's Specific, and soon began to improve. After a while was at my work, and for the past five months have been as well as I ever was—all from the effects of Swift's Specific.

JOHN RAY.

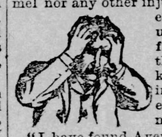
Jan. 8, 1889. Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Books on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Happiness For Everyone,

DEPENDS greatly on the maintenance of a healthful condition of the liver, stomach, and bowels. When these are out of order, life is a burden. It is well to know, therefore, that, in all derangements of these organs, **Ayer's Pills** are an unfailing remedy—prompt, safe, and effective.



"After suffering eight years from chills and fever, with only occasional intervals of rest of a few days at a time, I was cured by Ayer's Pills alone. My case had resisted continuous treatment with the usual doctors' prescriptions and a great number of proprietary medicines; but under the influence of Ayer's Pills the chills and fever ceased, my liver and stomach were restored to healthy action, and my usual good health returned. Without exaggeration, I will say that Ayer's Pills cannot be excelled as a remedy for a disordered system caused by malarial poisons."—S. L. Barrow, Gordon, Texas.

"I was prostrated with a severe bilious complaint. After vainly trying a number of remedies, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Pills. I had taken less than two boxes when I completely cured, and have had no recurrence of the malady."—E. Southworth, Bath, Me.

"Words fail to express the misery I suffered from dyspepsia, until I began to take

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

thartic Pills, which restored me to health."—D. L. Benson, Tamaroa, Ill.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For Everyone,

Old and young, Ayer's Pills are the best aperient. Containing neither calomel nor any other injurious drug, no ill effects follow their use. As a standard family medicine, they are favorably known, and leading physicians everywhere recommend them.

"I have found Ayer's Cathartic Pills to be a better family medicine for common use than any other within my knowledge. They are not only very effective, but safe and pleasant to take—qualities which must make them valued by the public."—Jules Hauel, Perfumer, Philadelphia, Pa.

"I regard Ayer's Pills as one of the most reliable remedies of our times. They have been in use in my family for various affections requiring a purgative medicine, and have given unvarying satisfaction. We have found them an excellent remedy for colds and light fevers."—W. R. Woodson, Fort Worth, Texas.

"I was a great sufferer from constipation, headache, and general debility. My skin was yellow, and I had constant pain in my side and back. Other remedies failing, I took three boxes of Ayer's Ca-

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

and am cured."—Herbert Elwell, East Saginaw, Mich.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

1789—1889.

The Nation's Progress in a Century—Some Striking Contrasts.

During the last decade and a half the people of the United States have celebrated a number of centennial anniversaries. For the first time, however, they have been able to celebrate within the week the completion of the first century of their existence under one particular form of government. The close of the first hundred years under the present constitution forms an appropriate occasion for presenting briefly a few statistics illustrating by contrast the progress of the nation in the interval. The contrast between the extent, the position and the material resources of the United States at the beginning and at the end of the century, is one which can not fail to strike the imagination and stir the pride of patriotic citizens.

The territorial extent of the United States has more than quadrupled during the century. The area of the original territory of the country, as defined in 1783, was 827,844 square miles. These figures may be taken to represent the area in 1789. In 1803 the first, and on every account the most important, acquisition of territory made by the country was the purchase of the province of Louisiana from France. This added to the territory of the country 1,171,931 square miles, an area, as will be seen, considerably larger than the country's entire territory prior to that time. Our readers need scarcely be reminded that this territory comprised very much more than the present state of Louisiana. That state included less than one-twentieth of Jefferson's great acquisition. The province of Louisiana included, in addition to the present state of that name, the territory now occupied by the states of Alabama and Mississippi south of parallel 31°, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Oregon, Minnesota west of the Mississippi, Kansas (except the southwest part south of the Arkansas), Colorado, and the territories of Dakota, Washington, Montana, Wyoming east of the Rocky Mountains and Indian Territory. In 1819 the acquisition of Florida added 59,628 square miles to the national domain. The annexation of Texas in 1845 added 376,133 square miles; the Mexican cession of 1848 increased the area of the country by 545,783 square miles, and the Gadsdene purchas in 1853 adding 45,535 square miles rounded out what may be called the main body of the territory. Finally in 1867 the United States purchased the outlying territory of Alaska, which still further increased the area of the country by 577,390 square miles. The total area of the United States in 1889 is 3,603,884 square miles, or more than four times the area in 1789. In the meantime the population of the country has also increased—but on the whole a steady growth. The first census taken in 1790 showed a total population of 3,929,214. In 1889 the population is probably not far from 64,000,000, or somewhat more than sixteen times the population 100 years ago. So much as regards area and population.

Another interesting contrast is afforded by a comparison of the statistics of government revenue and expenditure and of the import and export trade of the country at the beginning and at the end of the century. The total annual receipts at the beginning of the government under the constitution were in the neighborhood of $4,000,000. The first year for which figures are given the receipts were $4,399,473. In 1791, when the net ordinary receipts amounted to $4,409,951.10. In 1887-88, the last completed fiscal year they amounted to $376,266,074 or over eighty-six times the first-mentioned amount. The net ordinary expenditures in 1791 amounted to $1,919,589.92; in 1887-88 they amounted to $267,924,801. The value of the net imports in 1791 amounted to $28,687,059; in 1887-88 the total value of the imports, merchandise and bullion, amounted to $783,-217,799. The total exports in 1791 amounted to $10,012,041; in 1887-88 they amounted to $742,368,-852. Our exports of domestic products in 1887-88 amounted to nearly forty times the value of our domestic exports in 1791.

The means of communication between the people of the country—a potent factor in the material progress and civilization of the people—have been so far revolutionized during the interval that no real comparison between the periods in this respect is possible. The application of steam and electricity to transportation and communication, in anything like a full sense, is not yet a half century old. There is, however, one direction in which a comparison of this kind can be made. We refer to the postal service, whose development as a means of communication between the people has been very marked indeed. In 1790 there were only seventy-five postoffices in the country; the post routes covered only 1,-875 miles; the gross revenues of the department amounted to only $37,935, and the postal expenditures to only $32,140. In the fiscal year 1887-88 the number of postoffices had increased to 57,376, the mileage of post routes to 403,976 miles, the gross revenue to $52,695,176, and the gross expenditure to $55,795,357. In other words, in the course of the century the number of postoffices has been increased over 750 times, the extent of post routes over 200 times, and the gross revenue over 1,300 times. This great development, taken in connection with the remarkable extension of the means of communication by the use of steam and electricity in recent times, shows that the people of the country are knit much closer together than they were a century ago; how much so, indeed, it is difficult adequately to estimate.

The contrasts set forth above have reference more particularly to the physical and economic basis of the nation. These alone, however, do not bound the life of the nation; they furnish only one measure or its development. The nation exists also to apply and work out ideas. The United States has come to stand as the foremost exponent in the modern world of constitutional liberty and democracy. Its own advance along these lines was not completed at a bound. The conception of civil liberty which prevails in the United States to-day was not in all respects accepted at the period when the constitution was framed, and it is doubtful whether the framers of the constitution would have been content to go so far in the direction of democracy as their successors have done. As a matter of fact, there has been no small advance in that direction since the constitution was adopted. But the constitution, which a large body of the people of 1789 regarded as an experiment, whose working out they looked for as much with misgiving as with hope, has proven to be in operation at once a strong and a flexible instrument. It has withstood the dangers which foreign wars often induce, and has emerged not unchanged but strengthened from the more serious shock of prolonged civil war. It has been able to count in its more recent periods of peril upon the majestic virtues, strong to save and augment the state, which were familiar in its formative period. As a consequence, what was in 1788 only a struggling state, recently emancipated from a condition of colonial dependency, has become in 1889 one of the foremost powers in the world in point of material wealth and resources, as well as one of the leaders of the world's civilization.—*Bradstreet's.*

MOURNING FASHIONS.

VARIETY FOR THE BEREAVED.

What May and May Not be Worn—Description of Some New Fabrics for Stylish Mourning.

Written for THE BLADE by Ellen Osborne. Copyrighted 1889.]

WHO would have supposed that fashion would extend her rule over grief? And yet not only fashion but her younger sisters, whim and caprice, are making themselves obeyed. New fabrics for mourning are put forth as regularly by the manufacturers and examined with as painstaking interest by shoppers as goods for street or ballroom wear. New styles for mourning are decreed by modistes and milliners every season. There are revolutions of fashions in widows' gloves, there are "specialties" and "late shapes" in widows' mantels and wraps, and novelties in mourning slippers. Mourning jewelry varies from one spring to another, and it is a matter of some interest to hear the comments passed on the may importations of mourning paraphernalia. A breach of etiquette may be involved in the variation by a fraction of an

inch of the depth of the hem upon a crape veil or the choice of the lace which borders a handkerchief.

Milliners are agreed that women in mourning are harder to please than any other customers. Mourning bonnets and hats have had more time and thought bestowed on them in proportion by designers within the last three years than any other species of headgear, and the result has been a rapid evolution. Not an effect produced in any material but is now copied in black. Not a flower blooms in muslin or velvet that does not blossom also in dull or bright jet. Not a feather waves over a round hat which does not suggest its decorously weeping counterpart, the *pleureuse* drooping, with an approved curve, over the last shape in second morning.

One of the problems of the hour is how to find sufficient variety for the bereaved. In many large establishments fully one-third of all the space devoted to millinery is given to the display of mourning, and no two pattern bonnets are allowed to approach one another in design. Some days ago a milliner said to me that to keep within the bounds of recognized good taste was becoming a difficult matter. People are calling every hour for materials, colors and effects which, according to the usual canons, they should not permit themselves to use. Despite its serious character mourning garb is so far subject to fashion and fancy that it is not amiss to point out the respects in which it ought to be distinguished from a simple black costume.

Mourning is worn for longer periods, as a rule, in the United States than in most other countries. In France the period prescribed for a widow is one year and six weeks, the year being equally divided between deep and ordinary mourning, and the six weeks devoted to the transition through lilac and white to ordinary attire. In England a widow wears mourning two years; heavy crape with long veil is required for half the period, the second year including six months of simple mourning and six of half mourning. In this country it is usual for a widow to wear deep mourning for two full years. Not infrequently it is never laid aside, or greatly lightened.

For father or mother mourning is worn for twelve months and the same is true in case of the loss of a grown-up child. During half the year crape is required, for the second period plain black materials without crape trimming. The veil is worn at the back of the bonnet during deep mourning, but is to be distinguished from the widow's veil by its reaching only a little below the waist. At the end of the year black

WIDOWS' BONNETS AND CAPS.

silk, black and white, gray, violet and lilac are often put on and worn for indefinite periods. For grand parents the mourning period is ten weeks in France, six months in England American customs vary. Crape for three months, plain black for two months and the half mourning or light mourning tints for a month or two longer is very usual. For a brother or sister mourning is worn from four to six months; for an uncle or aunt three months is customary in some localities, and few weeks of ordinary black in others. For young children French mourning is three months, the English mother wears black for six months; in America the English period is what one might call official, but in practice the emblems of grief are frequently not removed short of the widow's period.

For relatives of the husband etiquette requires the wife to wear mourning until the husband takes it off, or she should be governed by the rules which would apply had the bereavement been her own. Until recently it has not been the custom to put little children into black, and the old rule had much more to recommend it than the new. It is not an uncommon sight this spring to behold wee tots of 3 and 4 toddling along the park walks in garments somberly funereal. Quiet colors may be preferred as more in harmony with the family grief, but there is absolutely no excuse for greatly altering the dress of little girls under 10, except in case of the loss of a parent, and even then people of the best taste often consider that a white dress with a black sash or light gray dress with black ribbon or velvet trimmings is the nearest approach to mourning which it is desirable to put on a very young child.

In the dress of the widow some few changes are to be noted this spring. The arrangement of the veil is somewhat modified. It is laid in deep plaits from the front of the bonnet, is fastened on the top by dull jet pins or by invisible stitches and falls straight down behind, reaching quite to the bottom of the gown. The hem is deeper than ever and is woven into the material. The widow's cap is made not infrequently with an edging of white crape, instead of the black tulle hitherto considered indispensable, inside the pointed front set. White crape is also inserted at neck and sleeves. For street wear mourning wraps are made in the shape of long circular capes, not altogether unlike the Connemara cloaks, merely fitted to the waist by an inner belt, fastened down at the seams and under the plaits. The material is cashmere, or black cheviot, or some dull black woolen fabric of light weight for summer. Wide bands of crape are stitched upon the fronts and there is often a deep border of crape around the bottom. For women who prefer it the black cashmere shawl is still in order, but mantles may be cut of any cloak or cape shape which is not fitted to the figure.

The street dress should be of a dead black fabric, and the simpler and plainer the better taste display. Women who can afford it cover the dress entirely with English crape. It has often been considered essential that the widow's indoor gown should be cut with a train, but except on occasions of ceremony common sense is dispensing with this formality. It is crape trimmed.

The range of mourning fabrics is constantly widening. Nothing will ever take the place of black cashmere as a standard material. The French and Indian cashmeres are equally genuine. Next on the list come diagonal, serge, vigogne, and for warm weather black veiling, etamine and the dull finished barege and grenadines when not figured. These are combined with crape for first mourning, worn without crape for second mourning. Novelties from the spring looms are cachemire royale, a grenadine silk with a little wool intermingled, which looks like a very rich black cashmere, and is especially liked when crape trimmed; "Cheviot," the somewhat ostentatiously dismal name of a new black tone, rather than a fabric, a particularly dead and intense black which has been obtained in *soie royale*, *reponce* and other silk and wool novelties; French carmantes in new and beautiful textures, black crepe cloths, dull finished *peau de soie*, dead lustre French poplin, Venetian and Henrietta cloths, Chinese cloth, *crepe de Japan*, light weight Beatrice serges, English frieze and the sheer and delicate black "ring cloth," an entire breadth of which can be drawn through a finger ring; most of these latter stuffs for second mourning.

Figured grenadines also are allowed in second mourning and the dull black silks as taffetas, failles and armures. *Soie eclat* is rich lustre at a moderate price and in time one may put on black n

TOLEDO BLADE.

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TWO OF THE ADVOCATES OF THE RUM POWER SHOWN UP.

Internal Revenue Collector BYRON WEBSTER, of Dubuque, Iowa, is just now one of the mainstays of the Rum Power in Pennsylvania, and his late statement as to the number of internal revenue liquor stamps sold by him is being used as if it were a "knock-down" argument against Prohibition. Its fallacy as an argument has been clearly shown in previous issues of THE BLADE. Mr. WEBSTER is a precious legacy from the administration of GROVER CLEVELAND. He is a bitter Democrat, and a virulent opponent of Prohibition; and he has administered his office with a view to endeavor to show that Iowa's Prohibitory law is a failure. Shortly after he was appointed, he refused to allow citizens to inspect the records of his office, which led to complaints, and an order was sent from Washington instructing him that all official records are open to the public, under proper supervision as to their safety. Since then he has been active in concealing the identity of persons who purchased liquor stamps under assumed names, in order to protect, as far as possible, would-be violators of the state law.

But Mr. WEBSTER has gotten himself into fresh trouble by his recent letter to Mr. WRIGHT, referred to recently in these columns. The law of Iowa makes the purchase of an internal revenue liquor stamp *prima facie* evidence of intent to violate the statute. Consequently Collector WEBSTER was promptly summoned to appear before the grand jury of Wright county and to produce the books and records showing the names of parties in his district holding United States retail liquor tax stamps. He announces that he will obey the summons so far as appearing before the grand jury is concerned, but that he will not produce the records, nor will he reveal the names of those who have purchased retail liquor stamps, unless he is ordered so to do by his superiors at Washington. This attitude of Mr. WEBSTER develops a nice point of law—whether the records and acts of United States officers are subject to the order of state officials. Until it is decided, nothing further can be done, of course.

There is also another interesting question which naturally arises: Did Mr. WEBSTER tell the truth in his letter to Mr. WRIGHT? That is, does not his refusal to produce the proofs of the statements therein contained, raise the presumption that he deliberately lied for a purpose—to aid the Rum Power in its effort to defeat the amendment in Pennsylvania? There are many fair-minded men who are inclined to believe so.

But, assuming that he did not lie, that his statements were true as to the number of liquor tax stamps sold, what does it show? In the first place, a large number of these stamps are sold to druggists. The latter are allowed, by the state law, to sell for "medicinal, mechanical and scientific purposes," under certain stringent regulations. But if they sell liquor for any purpose, the United States internal revenue law declares that a retail liquor tax stamp must be bought. Hence all druggists who sell for legitimate purposes must buy stamps, and all these must be taken from Collector WEBSTER'S figures. Representative ANDERSON, of Iowa, says there are about 1,000 towns in Iowa, and from two to three drug-stores to each town. If each drug-store in the state should buy a stamp, he says nearly the whole number of liquor tax stamps taken out would be accounted for satisfactorily.

Of course, all stamps not sold to druggists are sold to men who propose to attempt the violation of the Prohibitory law. Their total number is not large; and when the statements made in THE BLADE by Dr. FISHER, and Mr. W. H. SMITH, as to the mode of procedure of these sneaks, are taken into consideration, it must be evident that the evasions of the law are comparatively few in number. This leads us to the consideration of another branch of the subject. That Rum is sold in violation of law in the "river counties," is admitted by all; but they contain but a small proportion of the entire area and population of the state. We have given the facts in this matter in a previous issue, from which we quote:

> The fact is that the Prohibitory law is, in the main, enforced in Iowa. Such is the testimony of all the state officials, from Gov. Larrabee down, and such is the knowledge of the writer of this article, who has a thorough acquaintance with the conditions of which he writes and testifies to things within his own personal experience. No one asserts that the law is enforced in the cities of Davenport, Dubuque, Clinton, Keokuk or Council Bluffs. The local sentiment there is so strongly against it that the city officials wink at its open violation. In Iowa City, Ottumwa, Marshalltown, and Muscatine, the law is evaded, but not openly. In this class of cities men who are willing to go out of their way to get whisky can do so, and there are a few saloons. But Des Moines, the largest city in the state, has not got an open saloon in it, and the only way to get liquor is to make a false affidavit at a drug store, or else take a room at a hotel and order it through the porter. There is no open selling, and the temptation to drink is not put in the way of those who have not already learned the habit. In cities of the class of West Liberty and Grinnell there is no whisky to be obtained at any price, and the same is true of all the villages not contained in the river counties. In fact, there is not the least doubt but that Governor Larrabee understated the case when he said that the law was enforced in 85 out of the 99 counties in the state.

But are we to say a law is a failure which is violated in a small proportion of cases? What restrictive law on the statute books in there that is not violated? There is no use in making a law against an offense which no one dreams of committing. Laws are made to prohibit those acts which are against public policy and the general welfare, but which men, for selfish or sinful reasons, are apt to commit. No one dreams of making a law, for instance, to punish men who try to swim across the Atlantic Ocean. No one dreams of trying such a foolhardy feat. The Prohibitory laws of Iowa and of Kansas are as well observed as any other restrictive provision of their statutes. It is as closely obeyed and as well enforced as the laws against larceny, or adultery, or slander. Are we to set up an arbitrary standard for the law against Rum-selling, and declare that, because it is violated in a comparatively small number of instances, it is therefore valueless, and should be repealed? What other restrictive law could stand for a moment against such a test? Again, are we to assume that because a law is violated to some degree in a dozen or so counties in Iowa, that it is violated in the same degree in all of the ninety-nine counties in that state? The position is an absurd one, and no one but a hide-bound devotee of Rum would have the hardihood to take it.

The Iowa State Temperance Alliance presents the following facts, obtained by a thorough canvass of every county in the state, from the various county officials:

Number of counties reporting this law a success and beneficial to the people, 83.

Number of counties reporting a decrease in crime and criminal proceedings, 73; decrease varying from 20 to 60 per cent.

Number of counties reporting decrease in consumption of liquors, 75; decrease varying from 25 to 70 per cent.

Total number of persons, including druggists, who, in 1888, paid United States special liquor tax, 3,527.

A prominent railroad official of one of the trunk lines crossing Iowa declares that "there is not one barrel of whisky now carried where there was a carload, and not one keg of beer where there was a train-load four years ago."

During the last two years the number of convicts in our state prison has decreased 25 per cent.

The sheriff's office, from being the best paying county office, has in many places become the poorest paid office.

In over one-half of the counties the jails have stood empty during the past year. Peace and happiness abound in hundreds of homes, where, in the days of the saloon, poverty, want and crime prevailed.

Another liquor advocate who has been looked upon as a tower of strength in the Pennsylvania struggle, is one WM. P. TOMLINSON, who the editor of an insignificant Democratic paper at Topeka, Kansas. Mr. TOMLINSON figured to some extent in the recent campaigns in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, as an orator against Prohibition. His utterances have been used largely in Pennsylvania. THE BLADE has received, through the kindness of its subscribers in that state, a number of papers containing articles by TOMLINSON going to show that Prohibition is an utter failure in Kansas. He is paraded as an influential man, editor of a leading paper, etc., all of which is gross exaggeration. Mr. TOMLINSON cuts no particular figure, even among Democratic editors in Kansas, nor is his paper one of note. Among other things in his speeches he declared that the liquor cases have "completely choked up the courts" of Topeka; that the city had been obliged to remodel and extend her police system "in order to enforce the liquor law, and still it is not enforced;" that "dives and joints flourish and all the iniquities of secret selling are added to the lesser evils of the open traffic."

These utterances, and many other similar ones, are being spread broadcast over Pennsylvania, and held up as facts going to prove that "Prohibition does not prohibit" in Kansas. Recently, however, Mr. TOMLINSON came back to Topeka, and a very disagreeable experience awaited him. His speeches had preceded him, and the officials were desirous to interview a man who asserted that the Prohibitory law was evaded and violated by the wholesale in Topeka. They could not find the "dives and joints," nor were they able to discover the vast amount of "secret selling" which he asserted was taking place. Hence he was brought before the grand jury. It was assumed that a man could not assert so positively that these things were true without knowing them to be so. The following is a literal transcript of his sworn testimony, which is attested by his signature under oath:

> County Attorney Webb—State your name, age and residence.
>
> Mr. Tomlinson—William P. Tomlinson; 50; Topeka, Kan.
>
> W.—Do you know of the existence of an open saloon in Shawnee county at the present time?
>
> T.—I do not.
>
> W.—Do you know of any open saloon in Shawnee county within the past two years?
>
> T.—No, I do not.
>
> W.—Do you know of any secret place in Shawnee county where liquor can be bought by the drink?
>
> T.—I do not.
>
> W.—Do you know of any drug store where intoxicating liquors are sold contrary to law?
>
> T.—Only personal knowledge I do not.

The Topeka *Daily Capital*, in discussing Mr. TOMLINSON'S affidavit, severely but justly says:

> Every reader of *The Capital* in Kansas knew he (Tomlinson) was a liar, and this morning we prove him as such by his own words. What must be said of a man who will thus deliberately slander his city and the people with whom he lives for the sole and only purpose of aiding the Kansas liquor traffic? It will be in order now for this man to go to Pennsylvania in the interest of the brewers and saloon-keepers with the above record staring him in the face.

We have no doubt the readers of THE BLADE will agree that Mr. TOMLINSON is convicted of being a conscienceless liar on his own testimony. Our friends in Pennsylvania will learn how much truth there is in the abominable lies circulated by the wholesale in that state concerning prohibition in Kansas and Iowa. Prohibition is a success in both; it can be made a success in Pennsylvania. The thing to do is to pay no heed to the deluge of falsification flooding the state, but to march to the polls, vote for the amendment, and thereby

Pulverize the Rum Power.

BOODLE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

We publish to-day a letter from our New York correspondent on some phases of the struggle for and against the Prohibitory amendment in Pennsylvania. The important point made perfectly clear by the letter is that an enormous corruption fund is at the command of the opponents of the amendment; that the liquor interest of New York has pledged itself to raise a "fighting fund," duplicating any amount that may be contributed by their brethren in Pennsylvania as a corruption fund. Over half a million dollars has been raised in New York under this arrangement—which gives over a million dollars of "boodle" to be used in flooding the state of Pennsylvania with anti-prohibition literature, in subsidizing newspapers, in corruptly influencing voters, and in other ways to be spent in securing the defeat of the amendment.

On the other hand, the friends of the amendment are sadly embarrassed from lack of funds to meet the legitimate expenses of the campaign. The work to be done is largely educational, and involves a heavy necessary outlay for the printing and circulation of documents, the cost of meetings, paying speakers' expenses, hiring halls, advertising meetings, etc. There are no personal interests deeply involved in a financial way in the success of the amendment, as there is on the other side. There is so much money in whisky that the men engaged in the traffic are willing to contribute lavishly to defeat the amendment and secure a continuance of the source of profit. This is a state of things that needs the attention of every friend of Prohibition. They should put their hands into their pockets and contribute liberally for the cause in Pennsylvania.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere.*

THE outcome of the Samoan conference at Berlin is the reinstatement of the vanquished MALIETOA as king, with his government under the joint protection of the United States, England and Germany, and he to indemnify Germany for actual losses. The result is favorable to the United States from the fact that the position we took has been accepted as the solution of the difficulty.

THE ocean greyhound, the City of Paris, has scored another triumph by her performance, eastward bound. She accomplished the trip from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in 5 days 22 hours and 10 minutes, which is 57 minutes better than her record in the other direction, and 4 hours 54 minutes better than the best recorded time over the same course, credited to the Umbria in November, 1888.

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE demands excitedly: "Is it a crime to be a woman?" No, LILLIE, it isn't; but it is not a womanly thing to be making such a noise over the fact that you are one.

HUMBERT AND WILLIAM.

The lavish hospitality and distinguished consideration that marks the reception of King HUMBERT, of Italy, at Berlin, give color to the expectation that has been current for some time in European diplomatic circles that the policy of the peninsular kingdom will be to break away entirely from its traditional ally, France, and enter into closer relations with Germany. This, however, will meet with strong opposition among the Italian people, especially among the northern provinces. The trend of Italian governmental sympathy has been more or less in the direction of Germany ever since Sedan. It has not been so much a matter of choice as a yielding to the logic of events, the inevitable readjustment of European politics after the consolidation of the German Empire and the crushing defeat of France.

The movement toward Germany took a decided step forward in 1888, when the commercial convention with France was terminated very abruptly; then came Prince Minister CRISPI'S journey to Germany, and the trip of the young Emperor WILLIAM to Rome. The Italian official press began to put a distinctive emphasis on all matters relating to Germany, and its extremely friendly tone was in sharp contrast with the indifferent manner displayed toward relations with France. All these things, however, produced a reaction among the Italian people, or rather roused the friendly feeling existing for France into activity. The Peace congress held at Milan, voiced emphatically the desire of the northern portion of Italy to avoid all expressions of unfriendly feeling toward Italy's ancient ally. This revival of feeling brought on a crisis in the Italian Parliament, which, although it had voted the $30,000,000 asked for on the ground of "unusual military expenditures," refused to sanction the scheme of additional taxation brought in by the government to meet the $12,000,000 deficit in the budget of 1889-90 made by this extra expenditure. This caused the resignation of the Magliani ministry, which was followed by the appointment of CRISPI as Premier.

But CRISPI'S official career has been by no means an easy one. The labor and socialistic riots in Rome followed immediately upon his accession, and the hesitancy of the government in dealing with them did not increase popular sentiment in his behalf. Then, when the returns of Italian commerce for 1888 were published, the governmental policy received another blow, as they showed a decrease in custom-house receipts of over $12,000,000, while Italian exports had diminished by over $28,000,000. It was impossible to prevent the people from believing that this bad exhibit was a direct result of the abrogation of the French commercial treaty. That the prime minister himself believed the same thing, or at least thought it good policy to appear to believe it, is seen in his recent public announcement that, as far as he was concerned, he would welcome any proposition coming from France for a renewal of the treaty.

It is certain that there is a growing sentiment among the Italian people against war and the heavy taxation involved in getting ready for war; and as this chimes in with the old feeling of friendship for France, and the general desire to restore the international trade between the two countries, which proved profitable to both. There is no doubt that the friends of France in Italy look with alarm at the ultra-friendliness shown to HUMBERT in Berlin; and in case the King endeavors to continue the pro-German and anti-French policy, and especially if he carries out the design which he is believed to entertain of entering into still closer relations with Germany, there is prospect of serious home complications before that purpose can be fully carried into effect.

CHILDISH CONDUCT.

Our third party friends, to judge by the frantic efforts of their organs, are working far harder to make the Republican party responsible for the failure of the prohibition amendment in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, than to labor for the success of the pending amendment in Pennsylvania. The Republican legislature of the latter state submitted the amendment to the people, in response to the popular demand. It was submitted as a non-partisan measure, and the time of the vote was fixed for June 18, so that the vote thereon should not be entangled in the politics of the state campaign. Governor BEAVER, Mr. QUAY, Secretary WANAMAKER, and other prominent Pennsylvania Republicans, are in favor of the amendment.

But because the Republican voters of the state do not, apparently, follow them solidly, the third-party organs are shouting that if the amendment is defeated, the Republican party is to be held responsible. They fail to see that such a plea is valueless with an intelligent people. No such charge can hold good unless a political party, through its managers, has absolute control of the minds and wills of its members. This state of things can not occur in a party made up of voters of reasonable intelligence. Again, a constitutional question is for the people, not for parties, to determine. If the third party managers had more sense and less fanaticism they would labor with an eye single to the success of the amendment, and not go to sniffling in public because everybody does not agree with them.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has become somewhat tired of the pretensions of so-called "Senatorial courtesy." Under the constitution, the President himself is invested with the power of selecting appointees; and the "charter of our liberties" is silent as to any power or duty possessed by any Senator in the matter—unless, indeed, the President should honor him by asking his opinion of some possible candidate. A Washington correspondent states HARRISON'S position to be as follows:

> The function of the senator with respect to appointments does not begin with the selection of the person to be nominated—whatever "senatorial courtesy" may be, it is a quality which attaches to the senators only in their capacity as judges; in the matter of making of a case to be presented to the Senate for consideration, the voice of the senator is to be no more potential than that of the representative in Congress.

This is the only sound and correct position. There is no authority for giving a Senator—or a Representative, for that matter—any voice in any appointment. They are elected to make laws, not to establish a "pull" for official persons for their families. A Senator of course has his voice in the matter of confirming or rejecting an appointment, but he has nothing to do with the patronage of the state. The appointing power is in the President, not in a series of triumvirates or duumvirates, one for each state, of which the President is one member, *ex officio.*

THE free trade argument that the tariff makes lumber dear, and that if the duty on it were repealed Canadian lumber would come in and cut down the price, is shown to be false by the fact that during the past eight years the United States has exported to Canada four times as much lumber as we have imported from there. If Canadian lumber were cheaper than ours, there would be no sale for it across the border.

THE Southern Presbyterian assembly, by its vote of 113 to 31 on the "Woodrow resolution," practically declared that the doctrine of evolution is not true. Which reminds us of GALILEO'S "It does not move!" in an aside after his formal recantation of the doctrine of the earth's rotation.

THE CRONIN CASE.

Enough has been gathered about the CRONIN case to demonstrate that the assassination was carefully thought out in advance and preparations made for it months ago. It was as fiendish and cold-blooded a murder as ever disgraced the criminal history of any country, and calls for and will receive the hearty condemnation of all good citizens. While it has been said, and said truly, that the Anglo-Saxon race is more careless of life than any other, and more apt to care for property than the person, still the crime of secret assassination is almost an unknown one with us, and arouses public indignation quicker and more intensely than any other one on the calender. An American can understand and make allowances for a man who kills in the heat of passion. Who, in defense of his honor or his home slays his enemy; who, when his life or that of his dear ones is in danger, strikes out and destroys the man who threatens it; but to secretely plot another's death, to devise in secret and carry out in cold blood a plan to do away with a human being, who may stand in the way of the assassin's personal or political ambitions, is a crime so heinous that every right-minded man shudders at its mere suggestion and, fired with honest indignation, arouses himself with a firm determination to crush to the earth the scoundrels who are capable of so horrible an offense.

In the CRONIN case, the evidence thus far collected does not show that the assassination was the work of the society which is charged with responsibility in the matter. It rather tends to show that it was done without the authority of that society, but by some fanatical members who thought that his living was a menace to some man or set of men whose leadership they blindly followed. In either event, it was a most shocking crime, and the city of Chicago must forever stand condemned unless it discovers and brings to justice the guilty men. America will never consent to have the tactics of the Russian Nihilist transplanted to her soil. There is no room for them under a free government. Chicago convicted her anarchists. These murderers are believers in the same doctrines.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINES.

We regret to say that we are so badly behind in orders for the Blade Sewing Machine, that we are compelled to ask, as a special favor, that *no further orders* for machines be sent till the announcement is made in these columns that we are ready to receive them. Our orders are at least a month behind, and those whose orders are yet unfilled may have to wait that long before receiving their machines. We dislike delays, and hence beg that no further orders be sent until we announce our readiness to receive them.

Our repair department has necessarily been closed down for a number of weeks. We have on hand several machines not yet repaired; but we hope to be able, within the next month, to put them in order and return them to their owners in first-class condition. Meanwhile, we specially ask that no machines be sent to us for repairs till due announcement is made that we are ready to receive them.

THERE is a queer mania, apparently, for settling upon lands just purchased from the Indians—and this feeling seems to have been at the bottom of the Oklahoma rush. Those who still entertain that desire will soon have other chances of locating on newly-opened lands. Last year 17,500,000 acres formerly belonging to Indians in Northern Montana, being over four-fifths of their reservation, were added to the public domain. Another agreement has been negotiated with the Arickarees, Gros Ventre and Mandan tribes in Dakota for the cession of from 1,600,000 to 2,000,000 acres, or a tract about as large as Oklahoma. If the Cherokee outlet and the Sioux lands are purchased under the pending negotiations, the former will add 6,000,000 acres and the latter 11,000,000 to lands open for settlement. These, with the 1,887,300 included in Oklahoma, would give an aggregate of more than 27,000,000 acres purchased within a short period from the Indians. There are also the cessions of the Chippewas, the Spokanes, and other Indians. But these enormous accessions will be vastly increased when the severality allotment law is generally applied to the red men. Settlers who particularly want to live on lands once set apart for the use of Indians must not fancy that their last chance of doing so went with Oklahoma.

THE new periodical, *Current Literature*, fills a niche in contemporary literature unoccupied until its advent. It is a monthly publication with the sub-title, "A Magazine of Record and Review," explanatory of its object. In point of fact, each issue enables the reader to keep himself *au courant* with the literary world. All the notable books are mentioned, there are liberal extracts given both from them and from the best contemporary literature, and the range of discussion in the domain of letters is as discriminating comprehensive as that of a first-class newspaper in the world of events. It is exceptionally well edited, and can not help but find favor in the eyes of every one who examines it. It is issued by the Current Literature Publishing Co., 30 West 23d street, New York, and costs $3 a year or 25 cents a number.

THE following extract from a recent article by Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON is worth careful thought. It sets forth clearly the mistake in logic that is made by socialists and communists in their theories for the reorganization of society:

> Communists and socialists imagine that if they could get hold of the machinery of the state, they could suppress poverty, annihilate misery, and reward merit. Their error consists in ignorance of the infinitesimal power of government to suppress the individual wills of the citizens, and the nullity of any authority that runs counter to the opinion around it. It is more and more true that political conditions ultimately spring from anterior intellectual convictions, and the attempt to raise the former without a base of the latter becomes more and more preposterous. * * * The despotic and the communistic theory of society spring from exactly the same sophism—that of attributing to government a function which in modern societies it is utterly powerless to fulfil.

IT is stated that the last ship to stop at Pitcairn Island, the bark Frith of Clyde, reports that there are 117 souls on the island, 45 males and 72 females, and 28 of them are children. They knew all about the last presidential election in this country, and took a lively interest in the outside world. The island seems to be supplied with everything except a base ball nine.

THE New York *Star* is grumbling because, as it says, the Centennial was productive of extravagance in Brooklyn as well as in New York. The Brooklyn board of aldermen had an appropriation of $25,000 for the celebration, and they have exceeded that amount by $4,000. It should be thankful that the appropriation was not $50,000, as then the excess would have been $16,000.

IT is announced that over $25,000,000 has been paid out already by the English syndicate which is buying up American breweries. Let the scheme go on. The day is coming when a brewery in America will be worthless except for old lumber.

BY the activity of the Bourbon shotgun brigade in Arkansas, one is led to infer that Republicanism is gaining ground in that state.

AND still New York does nothing in the matter of marking suitably the last resting place of ULYSSES S. GRANT.

THEY ALL LIKE IT.

We are glad to know that the readers of THE BLADE are thoroughly pleased with Mrs. DAVY'S new story, "Nellie's Marriage." And we are sure that they will be still better pleased as it continues. It is a pure, clean story, whose perusal cannot fail to benefit rather than injure. It is not filled with distorted views of life and human passion, as is so much of the ephemeral literature of the day. The talented English lady who is its author is not in sympathy with either the morbid or the sensational schools of fiction; nor does she, in her pictures of English life, attempt to write of a society which she does not know, and that intimately. Educated, refined, brilliant, moving in good society in England, her facile pen pictures the aims, the motives and the sentiments of her characters from absolute and intimate knowledge. As we have before said, she is a rising star in the galaxy of the newer English story-writers, and we are glad that THE BLADE has the honor of first giving her an American audience—which we did in the publication of "Jack Dudley's Wife."

MEMORIAL DAY.

The recent celebration of the centennial of the federal constitution, and the awakening of public interest to the blessings of free government, roused a deeper feeling in the nation with regard to the fitting observance of Memorial Day; for it is plain that, but for the heroism of the glorious hosts of blue-clad soldiers who maintained upon many a bloody field the cause of the Union and its indissolubility, the sun to-day would shine upon a divided nation and a dishonored flag. Nothing that the living can do to fittingly manifest their sense of gratitude to the dead heroes of the Union armies of the war of the rebellion should be left undone.

The right observance of the day, its proper dedication to the memories of the fallen brave, can not help but be an impressive lesson to the living, especially to the rising generation, in patriotism and in loyalty to the national idea. The teaching is of the duty and the nobility of self-sacrifice in the nation's cause; and its inculcation will foster a spirit that will make our boys and young men patriots and heroes, and martyrs, if need be, when the just and righteous cause of the Union demands that supreme sacrifice. They will be willing to emulate the example of those whose graves are made the objects of reverential care and the shrines of loving remembrance on Memorial Day.

No more fitting words can be chosen to express the spirit that should animate the breast of every loyal American with regard to Memorial Day than the short but world-famed address of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, delivered in 1863 at the dedication of the national cemetery at the battle-field of Gettysburg, which is herewith reproduced:

> Fourscore-and-seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate and portion off that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.
>
> It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a large sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, or long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.
>
> It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

PROHIBITION IN IOWA.

The Toledo BLADE, in a long and learned editorial, makes a vigorous assault upon the *Leader* for saying that the prohibition law does not prevent the use and sale of liquor in Iowa. In another column of this issue will be found a dispatch from Dubuque, Iowa, giving the opinions of Internal Revenue Collector Webster on this subject. It is on the ground and ought to be posted. He says he has this year issued 232 more liquor licenses than were issued last year, and that the use of liquor in Iowa is on the increase. This ought to settle the question. In the face of such evidence it is rank absurdity to say that prohibition is a success in Iowa.—Cleveland *Leader.*

THE BLADE reiterates its statement that prohibition does prohibit in Iowa and the the writer asserts that he speaks of matters of which he has personal knowledge. It is not contended that there are not cities in the state where liquor is no sold openly, but they are few in number and Davenport, which is the prominent example, out of a population of about 22,000 has over 12,000 Germans in its midst. With perhaps 6,000 more foreigners and anti-prohibitious living there, it is small wonder that the law is not enforced. But THE BLADE makes the statement and speaks of what it knows that prohibition is a success in Iowa and is prepared to prove that the prohibitory law is better enforced in Des Moines, the largest city in the state, than the one against gambling in Cleveland. As for the statements of Internal Revenue Collector WEBSTER they do not bear on the question at all. Mr. WEBSTER is a partizan Democrat who is bending all his energies to the repeal of the prohibitory law. It is strange, if it does not prohibit, that he should be so anxious for its overthrow.

THE system of bond purchases is a profitable thing for the United States. Up to May 11 inclusive, the total bond purchases from August 3, 1887, were $167,459,900, of which $61,587,250 were 4 per cents, and $103,862,650 were 4½ per cents. Their cost was $193,574,784, of which $78,925,014 was paid for the 4 per cents, and $114,649,770 was paid for the 4½ per cents. They would have cost, at maturity, $229,124,951, or $108,515,082 for the 4 per cents, and $120,609,919 for the 4½ per cents. The difference in favor of their purchase is $35,550,167, of which $29,590,019 represents the saving on the 4 per cents, and $5,960,148 the saving on the 4½ per cents.

THE Entomological division of the department of Agriculture announces that Brood VIII of the "seventeen-year locust" will appear this year through a wide belt of country. The area covered by this brood commences in southeastern Massachusetts, extends south across Long Island; then down the Atlantic coast to Chesapeake bay; thence up the Susquehanna river to Harrisburg; westward from there into Illinois, through southern Ohio. The insects have already appeared by millions in Highland county, Ohio. The Entomological division announces that it will be glad to receive news of the appearance of the cicadas, and desires especially to receive accounts of all occurrences in West Virginia and North Carolina.

THERE are 12,693 unsatisfied judgments on the books of the Treasury department, representing the sum of $10,595,312, and all kinds of indebtedness to the government. The solicitor of the treasury proposes investigating these old cases with a view to collecting them, if possible. It seems almost impossible to have governmental financial affairs conducted by the same business-like methods that prevail in private establishments: and men indebted to the government are never in a hurry to liquidate their obligations, in the hope that through departmental red tape they may never be called on to do so.

DIVORCE REFORM.

There has been more or less discussion of the evils arising under the unequal divorce laws of the different states, and, as our readers probably know, a National Divorce Reform League has been in existence for some time, with the purpose of agitating the needed reforms and securing them through the rousing of public opinion. Rev. Mr. DIKE, the corresponding secretary of the league, makes a suggestion that is most valuable. It is, that Congress shall reform the marriage and divorce laws of the territories, and more particularly those of the District of Columbia, the administration of which has been attended with grave evils. The territories show a larger proportion of divorces than any other parts of the country. A considerable part of the divorces which are to all intents and purposes fraudulent are obtained in these distant regions. Congress has it in his power to check this abuse, reforming the divorce laws, as it did in the case of Utah.

At one time the divorce rate in Utah was very large. During the two years 1876 and 1877 there were 1,623 divorces, or probably fully one half the number of marriages. Most of these were secured by people living in the East. The scandal was so great that the Mormons themselves led in the movement for the repeal of the law. But in the other territories the record is still bad. Congress, by taking action where it has unquestioned jurisdiction, and especially in the District of Columbia, might do much to stimulate reform and show the way to many of the states.

The plan of a constitutional amendment giving Congress power to establish an uniform rule for marriage and divorce has received its chief support from the assertion that a very large percentage of divorces are of persons who have purposely sought out the state where they can be most easily obtained. Mr. DIKE, after many years of observation, goes so far as to declare that, in his judgment, this is probably not true in a great majority of cases. The forthcoming report of Commissioner WRIGHT is expected to throw some light on this point. An attempt has been made to learn where the persons obtaining divorces were married; also how many of those married in a given state have been divorced in 20 years in any of the states or territories. Such returns will inevitably be imperfect, but they are expected to make this question clearer.

It is expected that the majority of divorces in such states as Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maine and California, which have been known to be specially sought out by persons seeking divorce, will be found to have been granted to persons who were married within the state. If this should prove to be true, this feature of the divorce question, upon which so much stress has been laid, will be seen to be of comparatively little importance, and we shall be brought back to a consideration of the deeper underlying causes of the evil.

MUST PAY ITS TAXES.

Judge BREWER, of Iowa, is, to say the least of it, unfortunate in his decisions. Judge LOVE, by all odds the best legal authority in the state, has just reversed a decision of his whereby he sent a county treasurer to jail for contempt of court, for insisting that the Illinois Central must pay the taxes of the Pullman Car company, Judge BREWER having held that the railway company was not liable. There can be no doubt as to the correctness of Judge LOVE'S finding. The Pullman Car company has been refusing to pay its taxes in Iowa under the plea that it is a foreign corporation, and the only way the state could collect was by holding the railways responsible who act as its agents.

MR. W. P. SMITH, who has been for eight years United States consul at Carthagena, Colombia, says that there is a great field for American enterprise in that republic. Electric lights, water works, railroads and ice machines are particularly wanted. The government is disposed to be particularly liberal. Concessions will be given to bona fide capitalists for 25 years, and in the case of the water works the government will guarantee 7 per cent on the capital invested for 25 years. The government will pay the passage of an emigrant, give him $6 a month, 250 acres of land, a cow, two pigs, a plow, and help him build his house, and transport him free from the seaport to the point where he desires to locate.

IF there is any one thing that needs reforming at once, it is the consular service. During the Cleveland administration it was simply a free trade machine. It gathered from abroad all facts and figures deemed valuable in the propagation of the Cobden idea, which were neatly printed in blue at the government expense, were labeled "consular reports" and were distributed as Democratic campaign documents. All arguments in favor of our protective tariff were carefully suppressed. Turn the rascals out!

SENATOR VEST, of Missouri, is on the anxious seat about his own re-election to the United States Senate. The Democrats in that state have not forgiven him for the letter he wrote during the campaign last summer, in which he truthfully but incautiously remarked that "GROVER CLEVELAND has challenged the protected industries of the country to a fight of extermination." That letter cost them many votes in Missouri.

THE following paragraph from the Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Daily *Republican* of May 16, will be of interest to those people who imagine that Prohibition injures a state's revenue:

> IOWA OUT OF DEBT.—Carry to news to Pennsylvania and Connecticut—poor ruined, saloon-beiled Iowa has in some unaccountable way struggled on and up until yesterday she called in her last $95,000 of indebtedness, and, with the money in her treasury to pay, can congratulate herself that she is out of debt. With saloon-blest states all around us still struggling under loads of debt, Iowa's speedy release from her burden is rather remarkable, isn't it?

IT is interesting to note that while the mugwump press denounce VAN COTT, the new postmaster of New York city, as if he were the bitter enemy of civil service reform, the *Independent* quotes a letter from him in regard to the case of a Democratic clerk in which Mr. VAN COTT says:

> It is not my intention to make any removal in this office except for cause, and it is hope that Mr. —— may not give any ground for removal.

THE New York *Tribune* is authority for the story that for 48 years there was not a law case in the town of Meddybemps, Me., neither was there a lawyer. But two weeks ago a lawyer hung out his sign in this primitive Paradise, and now two citizens are going to law over a fence line. It is a good story, but the question is: who will act as the other lawyer in the case?

SIR JOHN MACDONALD is a long-headed old gentleman. His trip to England is to endeavor to secure to Canada the right to make its own treaties and to send a diplomatic representative to Washington. If he succeeds in this, he will have taken the best possible means of securing amity between ourselves and the Dominion.

CLAUS SPRECKLES'S new $3,000,000 sugar refinery in Philadelphia will be ready to begin operations on June 1. If SPRECKLES keeps his word, he will fight the Sugar Trust to a finish and break down that odious monopoly.

GOV. HILL killed the ballot reform bill with his veto, but it looks as though that veto will kill Gov. HILL eventually.

A DEMOCRATIC DEBATE.

Democratic Harmony may be spelt with a big B, but the following debate between the two leading newspapers of the party would hardly indicate it. The New York *Sun* says:

> The Louisville *Courier-Journal* does us the honor to catalogue certain disappointments which it supposes the *Sun* has experienced during the past five years:
>
> "The *Sun* was distressed because Cleveland was nominated in 1884."
>
> This is substantially true. We desired the nomination of some Democrat who would be likely to rate the interests of the Democracy above his own personal interests, and whose administration would begin a long period of uninterrupted Democratic control of the government.
>
> "It was still further distressed when the Democrats elected and re-elected Mr. Carlisle Speaker of the House of Representatives."
>
> That puts it, perhaps, a little too strongly. We had a high opinion of Mr. Carlisle's ability and honesty, and grudged him no honors that the party could pay.
>
> "Its face was utterly darkened when that sterling Democrat, Roger Q. Mills, was made chairman of the Ways and Means committee."
>
> Little was known about Mr. Mills at that time. His appointment to the head of the Ways and Means was deplorable, in our view, only so far as it indicated a disposition on the part of a cranky faction to persist in a policy that threatened disaster.
>
> "It was thrown into spasms when a Democratic house, following the recommendation of a Democratic President, passed a bill to reduce taxation, prepared by a Democratic committee."
>
> Translated from the always too intense phraseology of Mr. Watterson, this is substantially true. The prospect looked gloomy to us when the influence exerted from the White house overcame the better judgment of so many Democrats in Congress.
>
> "Nor did the distress of our contemporary end with the passage of the Mills bill. The National Democratic convention declared that it would take no backward step in this great march, and to emphasize its meaning renominated Grover Cleveland."
>
> That is also true. But why does not the *Courier-Journal* continue its list? Why does it not have the honesty to mention the fact that this series of disappointments to the *Sun* only led to a result and climax infinitely harder for loyal and sane Democrats to bear with patience? We mean the overthrow of the Democratic party at the polls, and its exclusion for at least four years from that control of the government which belonged to it by every syllogism in the logic of the situation.
>
> The present attitude of the *Courier-Journal*—its poses change frequently and easily—implies a belief or pretense that in some way the Democratic party is responsible for putting Mr. Cleveland out of the White House. That quite reverses the main fact as we understand it. Mr. Cleveland is responsible for putting the Democracy out of power.

IN the New York *World*, a few days ago, Mr. J. C. KLEIN, the correspondent who was at Samoa in the interests of the Associated Press a few months ago, gives a graphic account of the present condition of the Panama canal, the facts being gained by a personal trip to the isthmus. He shows that thousands of lives have been sacrified, that the enterprise is scarcely one-third done, and that at the rate money has been spent the completed project would cost over $1,000,000,000. Altogether the facts present a striking picture of gigantic failure such as has few parall

RUM POWER'S BOODLE.

A MILLION DOLLARS FOR FRAUD.

A Desperate Effort to Defeat the Amendment in Pennsylvania by the Use of Money.

NEW YORK, May 28.—(Special.)—During the next month Pennsylvania will not lack for an interesting topic for discussion. June 18 is the day fixed for the election to settle the fate of the Prohibition amendment. I have just learned something which ought to prove interesting to every temperance man in the country. The wholesale liquor men of New York and the brewers of the city are deeply interested in the fate of the amendment. If it should carry, and prove a success, it would be only a question of time before the question would bob up in some fashion in this state.

In order to prevent this they have decided to meet the question and defeat the amendment in Pennsylvania. The fiat has gone forth from the offices of the liquor dealers' organizations and from the offices of the wealthy brewers, and the amendment will be defeated if boodle, brains and beer can defeat it.

The liquor dealers of New York offered to raise a "fighting fund" for Pennsylvania and have offered to duplicate every dollar that is raised in Pennsylvania by a dollar raised in New York. Up to date over $500,000 has been subscribed by the saloonists of New York and that means that a similar amount has been raised in Pennsylvania.

It is not intended to use all this immense fund now, and indeed a considerable proportion may not be used at all. But the fund is ready and subject to the call of the authorized authorities. Already a levy of ten per cent has been made, giving the anti-prohibitionists over $100,000 ready for use.

Later in the campaign another levy of 10 per cent will be made, and another $100,000 put into the campaign to defeat the cause of temperance. This will be repeated, if necessary; and if Pennsylvania goes for Prohibition it will not be the fault of the liquor dealers or of their long purses.

Brewers and distillers say that if they can defeat the amendment in Pennsylvania, it will be a large nail in the Prohibition coffin, and will settle all agitation for some time to come. In the light of the recent defeats, if Pennsylvania turns against temperance, there need be no fear of any states falling into the temperance column for some years.

The saloonkeepers regard Pennsylvania as the Waterloo for the temperance cause, and do not dream of defeat themselves.

A Brewer's Frank Talk.

"We are running a campaign on the still hunt plan," remarked a Jersey City brewer, who is directly interested in the Pennsylvania fight, as he owns a large block of stock in a Pennsylvania brewery, "and Pennsylvania is all right. Our crowd has plenty of money, and they know how to use it. They will make every dollar tell. Pennsylvania is, next to New York, the greatest state in the east, and we had rather meet the temperance crowd there than in any other state. After what Massachusetts has done, I'll wager a barrel of beer against a year's subscription to your paper that—the majority will be 100,000 against the amendment in Pennsylvania.

"We wanted this question to come up in Pennsylvania, and would rather have it come up there than anywhere else. And the larger the majority piled up against the amendment, the better we will be satisfied. I don't care if it is 200,000 against the amendment. Every dollar spent in bringing about such a result would be well spent, for it would have a big effect in New York.

Will It Be a Waterloo?

"You want to know why Pennsylvania will prove the temperance Waterloo, do you? In the first place, the average citizen is satisfied with the present high license law, and for that reason opposed to a change. The press of the state, generally speaking, is against the amendment. The large cities of Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Allegheny will give large majorities against the amendment. The temperance people are all relying on the rural districts; but when they hear from the rest of the state they will be surprised. The laborers in the small towns—for Pennsylvania is one great workshop—will go against it almost to a man. The Quaker element, which might be relied upon by the temperance crowd, to some extent, will not get out and work for the amendment. The most they will do will be to vote for it; and I am sure that many will not trouble themselves to go to the polls. And when you come to figure in the Pennsylvania Dutch, not a small element in the great state of Pennsylvania, and the tens of thousands of miners, almost all of whom will insist upon having their liquor, you can see as well as I can that we have everything our own way, and that the other crowd will have the worst knock-out to explain at the close of the election that they have ever received. They haven't succeeded in getting the small towns and the rural districts worked up to that white heat that was necessary to carry the states of Iowa and Kansas—states as far different from Pennsylvania as a workshop is different from a farm."

Prof. Dickie's Views.

Not being willing to accept his view of the question without further investigation, I hunted up Prof. Samuel Dickie, chairman of the National Prohibition committee, and asked him about the battle-royal now raging in Pennsylvania.

"I have made some addresses there," remarked Prof. Dickie, "and may make some more before the close of the temperance campaign. I am afraid that we shall lose in Pennsylvania.

"If the temperance people win in Pennsylvania, it will require the votes of all of the farmers and the citizens in the large cities who are at all favorable to the amendment. There can be no stay-at-home vote this time; and up to date very little interest has been taken in the amendment throughout the state generally.

The Rum Power's Money.

"Yes, the temperance people have been losing some pretty hard fights lately, and it is easily enough accounted for. We lost in Atlanta, in Tennessee, in Michigan, in Oregon, in New Hampshire, and just recently in Massachusetts. Since Kansas and Iowa came out for Prohibition, we have gained no important victories when the line was fairly drawn, though I have always believed that we were counted out in the Michigan election. But the reason is apparent. When we make a fight in a state we have to fight the entire wealth and power of the liquor interests of this country and world. They always stand shoulder to shoulder whenever their interests are at stake. This will be the case in Pennsylvania, and all of the brewers and distillers of the United States will put their hands down deep into their pockets and knock out Prohibition in Pennsylvania if they are called upon by their committees. But the temperance people in other states take no active interest in these state fights, and generally do not aid either by their purse or their presence. By and by the folly of attempting to fight along state lines, and to throw the burden upon the temperance people of a single state, and to ask them to face the united liquor interests of the United States, will become apparent. It is no wonder that they are defeated. The wonder would be if they had won in the past after pursuing such a policy.

"The present law of Pennsylvania has been considered as a high license law. It is graded according to the different cities, the cost being, I believe, $500 for a license in Philadelphia and Pittsburg and less in the smaller towns. In some sections of the state where the law has been lived up to by efficient judges, it has had the effect of decreasing the number of the saloons. But that is due, not to the license, but to some other features of the present law. For instance, the law will not allow a person who is not a naturalized or native born citizen of the United States to deal in liquors. I cannot see the sense or the justice of that, however. Then, if a judge of the Pennsylvania courts—and all licenses must be looked into by the judges of the courts—finds that the applicant is not a suitable man to make a saloon-keeper, if he has been convicted of violating the liquor laws of the state, he cannot get a license. In some places where they have had efficient judges, for instance in Pittsburg where Judge White has insisted that the letter of the law and the spirit of it should be religiously lived up to, there is a marked diminution in the number of the saloons. But it has only left the balance more firmly entrenched and more firmly fixed than ever before.

The Mining Districts An Inferno.

"I have traveled over a considerable portion of the state preaching temperance, and I confess I am afraid for the mining districts. Some of them look as though they were close to Dante's Inferno. In some sections the laws are not very well enforced, and I suppose that it would be difficult to force a prohibitory law. But will any one say that this is an argument against the value of laws, and the necessity of laws in these sections? I presume those mining towns will give a heavy majority against the amendment, also the manufacturing cities. Nor have I much hope from Philadelphia. The town has been radically changing in the past few years, and is not to-day the "City of Homes" that it once was. I was told recently by a leading carriage manufacturer of this city that in Philadelphia he had known of a number of instances where the basements and cellars of the churches are used to store liquors. With a public sentiment that will sustain anything of this kind I am not an optimist upon the question of the adoption of the amendment in Pennsylvia."

Ball-Player Sunday's Views.

Meeting Mr. W. A. Sunday, the brilliant right field of the Pittsburg team, who a few weeks ago made quite a hit by coming out for the amendment at a meeting held in the opera-house at Pittsburg, I asked him about the future of the amendment. He has made several speeches of considerable length during the campaign, and the addresses have all been full of life and fire and as brilliant as some of his plays with the Pittsburg nine. Said Mr. Sunday:

"I hope the amendment will carry, though it will be pretty close, and a hard fight if we win. Well informed temperance men in Pittsburg tell me that the amendment will be adopted by a small majority. The influence exerted upon the campaign by Governor Beaver, Postmaster General Wanamaker and Senator Quay, all of whom favor the amendment, has been good, and their influence will undoubtedly be telling upon the day of the election. In the western part of the state, considerable work has been done for the amendment, though not half as much as should have been done up to date. The other side is making a hard fight, and I presume that they have all the money that they need to carry on the campaign. If the great state of Pennsylvania can be won for Prohibition, it will be a glorious victory, though."

Governor Beaver.

I met Governor Beaver, the gallant one-legged soldier who presides over the affairs of state in the executive mansion at Harrisburg. Though I only had a moment's conversation with him, the veteran expressed his belief that Pennsylvania was all right, and that the amendment was the proper thing. He has come out for the amendment from the word "go," and is doing all that he can to place his state in the temperance column with Maine, Iowa and Kansas. WALTER SCOTT.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Painful Facts Revealed in the Report of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Intoxicating beverages and the saloons wherein they are dispensed impose heavy burdens upon society in many ways, and beget untold degradation and suffering. Their worst results are perhaps the grievous wrongs they continually inflict upon innocent, helpless children. Some idea of the extent and flagrant character of these wrongs may be obtained from the record of the praiseworthy labors of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The report of this society for the year 1888 is before us. During the year 6,500 complaints were received and investigated, 2,244 cases prosecuted, and in this number 2,208 convictions were secured, and 3,216 children rescued and relieved. Twenty-six pages of the report are filled with condensed accounts of some of the many cases in which the officers of the society have during the year interposed their authority to shield and rescue young girls and boys, exposed to great cruelty and wrong. In a large part of these cases—almost all of them—strong drink, indulged in by one or both parents, is conspicuous as a factor of the parental degradation and the childhood suffering.

On the first day of the year, in the midst of the joys of the holiday season, a frail little girl of 11 years presented herself at the rooms of the society, and asked for that protection and care of which it was quite evident she stood in great need. Her mother and stepfather were drunkards, and their cruelty and neglect had driven her from home. In another case, an officer of the society found a dissipated mother "lying dead upon the floor of her room, surrounded by several drunken women, while her children—Kate, Nellie and Johnny, 9, 7 and 1 years—looked wonderingly upon the scene." The children were cared for by the society. On one of the severest days in January a little girl of ten years, "whose parents were found to be worthless drunkards," was observed, with a large basket on her arm, begging from bakers' stores, driven out by her parents to supply them with food. The weather was at its worst, as a cold, wintry storm of rain and snow with wind had prevailed all day. The slush upon the walks and in the streets was ankle-deep, and all exposed to these elements had suffered. The little girl was taken into the society's rooms and made comfortable, and subsequently placed in a home. In another case the society rescued five fatherless children, with a drunken, immoral mother, from one of the wretched tenements where "were found huddled together upwards of 60 families, the majority of which represent some phase of drunkenness and debauchery." Two of the children suffering from neglect it was found necessary to send to the hospital, where one died, and three were placed in a home. In another case an attractive little girl of 11 years, exposed to the vilest influences, was rescued from her drunken, dissipated mother, in a place where "several depraved men and women were found in the rooms, and all more or less intoxicated." In another instance the officers found a pretty girl of eight years crying piteously from a cruel whipping by a stepmother to compel her to do some menial work in a saloon; and the child bore also scars and marks of previous assaults, and her head and eyes were in such a state that her immediate removal to a hospital was made." Another little girl of 12 years appealed at the office of the society for protection from drunken and brutal parents—the mother celebrating her release from prison by a protracted debauch, and the father little better. In another case a young girl of eight years, herself intoxicated, was arrested with her drunken father, who had compelled her to drink with him in saloons. The father was locked up, and the child placed in the care of the American Female Guardian society. In another instance, three young children, two boys and a girl, were rescued from the possession of an habitually drunken mother, who, in her drunken fits, frequently cruelly assaulted them. These are but a few samples of numerous cases of cruelty and neglect with which, in a single year, this beneficent society has been called upon, in this city only, to deal. Alas for the uncounted multitudes of kindred unreported cases throughout the land!

It is quite time for philanthropic Christian citizens everywhere to hear and heed this cry of the children, and in the might of true manhood and womanhood unite in a righteous crusade to discourage injurious social drinking usages, and to abolish the iniquitous traffic by which, with such distressing results, they are fostered.

AN UNFAIR ORGAN.

The Philadelphia Times Giving Only the Views of Whisky Men.

A friend in Huntington, Pa., sends THE BLADE a copy of the Philadelphia *Times* of May 18, which devotes one page to "opinions" adverse to Prohibition. The correspondent says:

"I send a copy of the Philadelphia *Times* by this mail, that you may see more of its nefarious methods. Its representative called on eight men here; four of them were strongly for the amendment. When it come to publish, not a word was given from these men, but the twaddle of the four opposed were given conspicuous mention. Three of these are drunkards. J. H. CHAMBERS.

"P. S.—Thank you for the good work you are doing."

The Best in the Union.

PORTLAND, Mich., May 24.—EDITOR BLADE:—I have taken THE BLADE for a number of years, and I don't think there is another paper printed in the United States that is better adapted to all classes of people. It treats all questions with an honest, sincere purpose. If a few more of our leading papers would take the same stand, they would do more towards eradicating intemperance and the political evils that exist than all the politicians in the country. Although THE BLADE is Republican in principle, there is nothing in it but what its most rabid opponents can read and appreciate the truth of its assertions.—L. T. S.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER IX.

"THE PICKET GUARD."

All quiet along the Potomac, they say,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot on his beat, as he walks to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing, a picket or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost, only one of the men,
Moaning out all alone the death rattle!

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watchfires are gleaming,
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind,
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping!

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack, and his face dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for children asleep,
For their mother, may heaven defend her.

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer to its place,
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moon-light so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—Ha! Mary, good bye!
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing!

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
The picket's off duty forever!

OLD SHADY.

(The Song of the Contraband.)

Yah! yah! darkies, laugh wid me,
For de white folks say Ole Shady's free;
So don't you see dat de jubilee
Is a-coming, coming?
Hail! mighty day!

CHORUS:—Den away, away, for I can't wait any longer,
Hooray, hooray! I'm going home!
Den away, away, for I can't wait any longer,
Hooray! hooray! I'm going home.

Oh, mass' got seared and so did his lady,
Dis chile breaks for Ole Uncle Aby,
"Open de gates out, here's Ole Shady,
A-coming, coming!"
Hail! mighty day!

Good bye, Mass' Jeff good bye, Mis'r Stephens!
"Scuse dis niggah for takin' his leavins!
'Spect pretty soon you'll hear
Uncle Abram's coming, coming!
Hail! mighty day!

Good bye, hard work wid never any pay,
I'se a-gwine up North where the good folks say
Dat white wheat bread and a dollar a day,
Are coming, coming!
Hail! mighty day!

O, I've got a wife, and I've got a baby,
Living up yonder in Lower Canady;
Won't dey laugh when dey see Ole Shady
A coming, coming!
Hail! mighty day!

THE CIDER QUESTION.

The Proposed Amendment in Pennsylvania Would Not Injure Farmers.

It seems that there is some uneasiness among the farmers of Pennsylvania as to the effect the proposed Prohibitory amendment would have upon the manufacture and sale of cider. Several opinions have been expressed concerning this, but the reasonable statement of the case certainly is, (as presented by Mr. Palmer, the chairman of the Prohibition movement, and by ex-Judge Agnew), that the right of the farmer to sell either sweet cider or vinegar will not be,—indeed cannot be,—affected, as these are not intoxicants, while he will be forbidden, just as he is forbidden under the present laws, to sell cider in the fermented condition, containing an element of alcohol. In other words, his rights will be no greater and no less than at present.

In this connection, THE BLADE has received a circular, signed by Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the 49th judicial district of Pennsylvania, and by 57 members of the bar of Centre and Huntingdon counties, certifying that the proposed amendment to the constitution would not prohibit or restrict the making or manufacture of cider. They say:

"Cider is not an intoxicating liquor when new, and the amendment is intended only to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor. The manufacturing of cider is simply the pressing of the juice from the apple, and it is no more intoxicating than would be the apple itself. If the cider is converted into vinegar, it can be sold as freely as any other article—the amendment does not prohibit it. If the cider is allowed to ferment, or if it is 'doctored' so that it becomes intoxicating liquor, then it could not be sold for use as a beverage. The law of Pennsylvania has been this way for many years, and the adoption of the amendment would not change it. Under the amendment the farmer could make and sell cider the same as he does under the present laws."

Club Rooms Will Die Out Under Prohibition.

NORTH CLARENDON, Pa., May 25.—EDITOR BLADE:—I am very much pleased with the stand you take in regard to the amendment in this state. I live in Warren county, which sent in a remonstrance of nearly two to one against license, consequently the county "went dry," but our little town of 1,000 or 1,200 inhabitants is cursed with three of those abominations called club rooms, and some of our citizens, who would otherwise vote for the amendment, say they prefer the licensed saloon to the club room. Yours for the amendment—A. F. C.

Words of Cheer.

EXETER, Neb., May 23.—EDITOR BLADE:—Keep your official statement from the public officials of Kansas before the people all the time. When through with Pennsylvania help Nebraska. We want to be delivered from this ruling hell! Go on! Pulverize the Rum Power!—J. P. K.

THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

Under the above heading the New York *World* of Feb. 10th, contains an editorial, of which the following are a few extracts:

"Physicians and unprofessional men of sense agree that if people would take a little of the pains to prevent disease that they do to have it cured that the civilized world would be much less like a vast hospital than it is now. * * * But the idea of a regular and stated physical examination, even of persons who are apparently well, is an excellent one. The approaches of pulmonary complaints, kidney troubles, and many of the other ills that flesh is heir to, are so insidious as not to be apparent to their victim. * * * In nothing is it truer than in disease that 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.'"

There is a great deal of wisdom in what the *World* remarks. Individuals, as a rule, do not give their physical welfare attention, and it is only when alarmed by the presence of disease itself—the consciousness of failing strength—that attention is given to such matters.

Much has been said and written in recent years concerning the extreme and oftentimes fatal danger which results from delay in the treatment of kidney diseases.

Physicians admit that they cannot control advanced disease in those organs, and it is doubtful whether they can control it in any stage without the assistance of Warner's Safe Cure, which is established as the only known means which will reliably prevent and cure this class of disease.

Besides, it has been definitely ascertained that kidney disease is the real cause of ill-health in most cases where consumption, heart, brain or nervous disorders are supposed to exist, and in consequence of such belief many fatal mistakes have been committed by our best physicians in treating such disorders, which are but the symptoms of the disease, whilst they have allowed the real disease—disease of the kidneys, to escape their notice until too late.

There is no safer or surer way by which health can be preserved and disease averted than the occasional use of Warner's Safe Cure, which will benefit the "engines of life"—the kidneys, even if they are in a normally healthy state; while the good that will result in case disease is threatened, or is already present, cannot be over-estimated.

About the cheapest living for a single congressman at a first-class hotel is $25 a week, and if his wife is with him the cost is doubled. The highest price paid by any member of Congress for hotel accommodations is about $1,500 a month.

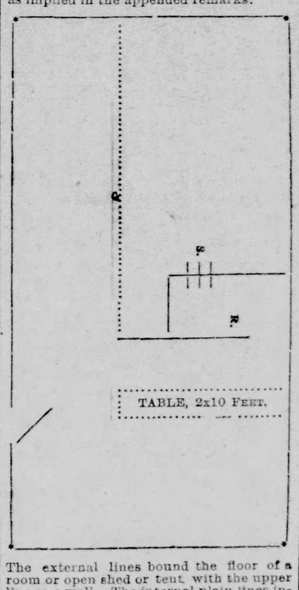
HONEST ELECTIONS.

A BLADE CORRESPONDENT'S PLAN.

Rapid Voting—Absolute Secrecy of Each Ballot, Yet the Whole Process in Plain View—Result Obtained Within a Few Minutes After the Polls Close.

EDITOR BLADE:—This plan invites the severest scrutiny. It proposes that in broad daylight and in open view to the public, the whole business of an election, including the tallying of the ballots, can be done and completed within 10 to 60 minutes after the polls close, and every vote be cast with all the privilege of secrecy that law can possibly provide, and so that no officer or other person can know as a fact how any other person voted nor prove how he himself voted.

The requirements are that any room of suitable size or open tent in the street be arranged to embrace the ideas expressed by the following diagram, and that the election be conducted as implied in the appended remarks:



The external lines bound the floor of a room or open shed or tent with the upper line as a wall. The internal plain lines indicate board partition work six feet high. It may be framed in sections, and set up in any room for future elections. The recess (B) about 3½x4½ feet, and the entrance 2½ feet. "S" is a broad shelf or double shelf at convenient height, one half in the recess, and the other half on the other side of the partition, and level with the shelf is a long narrow opening cut one-third inch wide through the partition for the voter within the recess to pass his ballot to an official on the opposite side of the opening. A moulding one-half inch high on the top external edges of the shelves cuts off vision through the opening. The whole structure complete will not cost $5, is suitable for every precinct and will last 50 years.) To the right of the structure is a passage-way for voters to go to and return from the recess. Next is a long table or wide board extemporized for a table, behind which the board of registration and clerks sit, facing to the left. In their rear, seats for challengers, reporters and spectators. The dotted line on the left is a stretched chain or extemporized hand-rail. Area this side of the rail for spectators. Beyond the rail will be occupied solely by the officials of the ballot, receiving board and the tally-board, whose duties will soon appear. The two men of either board, and also of the registration board, should be one to opposite parties.

When the polls open and a man applies to vote, one of the board of registration will refer to the registry, and if all is right he will check the name and call out in this form, "S 14" (meaning the fourteenth name under "S" of the registry). And one of the clerks will write "S 14" on a card or eyelet tag. The other member of the board will inspect the writing to see that it is correct, and hand the card to the voter, as authority to the ballot receivers to receive the card and a ballot with it. The voter then goes into the recess and takes, supposably from a secret place about his person, the special ballot he desires to vote and unfolds it and introduces it through the opening over the shelf with the blank "together with the ballot-receiving card, and as soon as the ballot receiving board can take hold and draw them through then the voter will retire in favor of another. The ballot receiver without turning the ballot, will stamp it as a postmaster stamps a letter. The other member will then take the card and ballot and place the ballot with the stamped side up in a shallow open box or basket. The cards or tags will be preserved as the law may direct. The tally board with two tally clerks may commence the tally as soon as five or ten ballots have been voted; but the ballot-receiving-board shall first mix these, and mix from time to time through the day other ballots so that at no time shall the tally-board receive ballots one by one and tally them in the order they were voted; and the last final ballot or ballots shall be mixed with a few voted at an earlier hour and canvassed with them; and thus the tally will close, and no man know, as a fact, how any other man voted.

How one clerk shall make record on card has been explained. His brother clerk shall make precisely the same record in poll-list style, and as he makes it, shall speak it distinctly that the board may be assured that it agrees with the record on the card and the check in the registry. This form of record saves much time and perplexity trying to find out how to spell and write the unpronounceable and unspellable names of foreigners and other persons, and it is better than the name would be, as it has direct referential connection with the register, and its brevity greatly facilitates voting. The record for one applicant can be made while another is voting. By an expert board and clerks, such a record can be made every half minute, and few men will need this much time to go into the recess and vote. At this vote, 1,200 men can vote in ten hours, but 600 to 800 would be an easy day's work for the officials.

How make the vote of the disabled a privacy? The board of registration jointly will attend taking ballots, go together to the recess and one see that the other unfolds and votes it without seeing its face. Why unfold and vote the ballots blank side up? Because they are then just right for stamping and ready for tallying, while from their size, flexibility, general appearance and the necessary handling they will receive, will prevent voting by card, and occasionally may prevent the loss of a vote and possibly an election, as in cases where men have voted a folded private paper by mistake for a ballot. But with care not to try the patience of the many readers of THE BLADE, they will consider that sundry provisions must be added—provisions that spectators shall keep quiet, as in the presence of an orderly court; that the door shall not be thronged to the hindrance of voters getting in and out; that no persons shall traverse the passage to the voting recess only voters, and they only one at a time when they vote; that outside to a given distance no person shall indulge in ventilating his political thoughts or do anything to help a voter to vote, as by giving him slips or tickets to the end of having every man, before entering on the neutral ground, provide his means to vote, as he would with money if he were going to pay his taxes. A bill now before the New York legislature seeks to provide that "no person whatever shall do any electioneering on election day within any polling place, or within 100 feet thereof * * * nor apply for or receive any ballot * * * nor solicit a voter to show his ballot * * * nor ask another how he intends to vote." These provisions are in connection with an Australian plan.

Party ballots should not be distinguishable by colors, or else spectators standing at a certain point can see who goes to vote and the color of the ballot as the receiver takes it. It is plain, then, that all ballots should be made according to a standard regulation, as to be of a given width of white paper of certain quality and weight, and in length, say a half inch for every office and proposition to be voted for. Thus, approximately, as seen with the blank side up, they will be uniform in size color and general appearance.

Special compartments for the privacy of voters to mark up their ballots, is not what they need. Every man can find all the privacy he needs for such purpose at his home, boarding-house, office, or place of business. The diffident young man can find the privacy to write a love letter. The delicate point is to get the letter into the postoffice without others knowing to whom he would vote his love, not even that the postmaster shall know who deposited the letter. So he or any man can find the privacy to make up his ballot if it is not already contributed to him. The delicate point is to deliver it to the electoral officials without others knowing for whom he votes his political love, and unseen by employers, boodlers, bulldozers or other persons, and even unseen and his name unknown by those who take the ballot from his fingers. This is the very extent of privacy a man can ask and the law provides. S. L. NEWBRO.

North Lansing, Mich.

LIFE.

With idle ears in a drifting boat,
Alone, on a sunlit sea, I float;
Slow, wheeling nigh,
White sea gulls fly;
I see tall ships spread sails to the sea,
And homeward some—but none come to me,
The winds asleep
Above the deep.

I hear a voice—I see no beckoning hand,
But turn my boat, and row toward the land.
Boom, signal gun!
The day is done.
The tide is turned—on the sea—on my life,
I bend to my oars—my day ends in strife.
Boom, signal gun!
Night has begun.

Warsaw, N. Y. LOUISE HOUGHTON.

SALT IN KANSAS.

The Trust Will Not Be Able to Control Salt Out West.

NEOLA, Kan., May 23.—EDITOR BLADE:—As the subject of salt seems to be commanding a large amount of attention, I will give my opinion that a "syndicate" or a "trust" will not be able to control the price of salt in the Western half of Kansas, at least not to put the price up to such a figure that the "trust" can squeeze any considerable part of that $10,000,000 that Mr. Burt expects to get from England to invest in the scheme, out of the salt consumers in these parts.

It has been satisfactorily proved that a section equal to at least 100 miles square, making an area of 10,000 square miles, is underlaid with pure salt from 100 to 300 feet in thickness—"with several counties to hear from"—while salt runs down into the Indian Territory an unknown distance.

The salt wells that have been bored have been paid for by local bonds or by subscription, and then enormous subsidies have been granted to companies to come and operate their works. In some cases these subsidies have probably more than paid cost of plant, and now, if the "trust" undertake to raise the price of the product, a la binding twine, we will just form county companies, town companies, individual companies, etc., and make our own salt. It is all about here, and the monopolists may as well try to control the price of wind and water as to try it on salt "in this neck o' timber."—R. S.

CURRENT COMMENT.

And There Was Plenty of It.
Brooklyn Times.

Secretary Tracy's orders directing the transfer of supplies from one Navy department to another will save the country several millions of dollars. The secretary is making the dust fly in the Navy department.

Poor Public Opinion.
Rochester Post and Express.

Public opinion has been deteriorating in this country for 20 years, and notwithstanding our national prosperity, every thoughtful man is anxious for the future—not afraid, or distrustful—but simply anxious. As a matter of fact our institutions are now far in advance of average public opinion; and reform is not as much needed in legislation as in the thought of individual citizens and communities.

A Bit of History.
Boston Journal.

Critics who find fault with the President for appointing his brother United States marshal not only forget that Mr. Cleveland appointed his brother-in-law to an important office in Toledo, and his wife's "Cousin Ben" to a good consulship, but that President John Adams, in 1797, promoted his son, John Quincy Adams, from the office of minister to Portugal to that of minister to Germany, and did this, moreover, on Washington's own recommendation.

And Plenty of Them, Too.
Louisville Courier-Journal.

No newspaper in New York dares to confess the city's lack of pretty women. There are muzzles on the press which are unseen, but they are there all the same.

It Will Be Attended To.
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Senator Payne does not desire to serve another six years in the Senate, and probably will not remain in that body that length of time even if he should be re-elected. He is undoubtedly in the field for "vindication," however, and will make a big bid for election. The Ohio Republicans should see to it that they choose a majority in the legislature which that state elects this year.

Still Room for Improvement.
New York Herald.

Possibly we have not improved much in in the last hundred years, but it is certain the young man of the period is given more to athletic sports and less to dissipation than his predecessors of twenty years ago.

Incredible Story About Baltimore Girls.
Baltimore American.

One of the latest fads of Baltimore girls is to dress in black from head to foot, with veil and gloves to match, and then, borrowing a neighbor's child, show it around the city. Of course, the natural supposition is that the child is not borrowed, and that the young lady is a widow. As a widow is generally supposed to be ready to recontract matrimony, the sympathies of the susceptible young man are readily aroused, first by curiosity as to how long the child's father has been dead; then, what he died of, and, since the widow seems to mourn for him, how she must have cared for the dear departed. And, if she did care for him, why might she not care also for another, and why might not he be the fortunate individual, especially if the first husband left cash enough for the support of two, or three, as the case might be. Of course, when acquaintance follows, the apparent widowhood can be easily and innocently explained, and the desired happy result follow.

Almost Out of Debt Now.
Chicago Journal.

The bonded debt of the United States is, in round numbers, only $900,000,000. At the present rate of redemption it will be all paid in nine years, or nine years before the 4 per cents become due.

Not Guilty, Your Honor!
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A legislature is to be elected in Ohio, this year, which will choose a United States Senator to succeed a Democrat. The Republicans of the country are anxious to knew if their brethren in the Buckeye state are going to allow the Democrats to secure control of this legislature, as the Democracy has regularly done in similar exigencies in the past couple of decades, and thus keep a Democrat in the Senate. Let the Ohio Republicans be guilty of no monkey business this year.

Another Dish of Soup.
Philadelphia Inquirer.

There is no issue on which the Republicans would rather join battle than this one of the tariff and no candidate they would rather meet than Grover Cleveland. By all means let the Democratic slogan be Cleveland and tariff reform.

Such Men as Women Like.
San Francisco Report.

Women prize a thoroughly clean-cut, clean-shaved, clean-dressed, clean-booted and clean-mannered man far above the merely pretty, powdered and rouge-lipped dress forms that so often take the stage nowadays.

The True Ring.
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

If the Bourbous imagine that they can keep the Republicans of Arkansas in the minority by the shot-gun and Winchester they are in error. For every Republican assassinated by the Bourbons a thousand Democrats will join the Republican party.

It Will be a Great Industry.
Chicago Inter Ocean.

The development of the tin deposits in the Black Hills and the establishment of the tin-plate industry are likely to become the most important industrial events of the year. Prof. Carpenter claims to have discovered a simple and effective process whereby the mica can be separated and the ore reduced at small cost; and if this proves to be successful American tinware will soon shine on every pantry shelf on this continent.

The Value of Human Life.
Albany Journal.

The Connecticut legislature now has an opportunity to go on record as to the estimate to the value of human life. A bill is before it which provides for abolishing grade crossings. If it passes, it will involve an expense of $21,000,000, according to a calculation recently made by the state board of Railway commissioners. The record of casualties in Connecticut shows a considerable number of deaths at crossings, and the legislature needs but to determine how much the life of one of its constituents is worth before passing its verdict upon the bill.

A Righteous Dismissal.
New York Tribune.

It is going a long way to make out a charge of nepotism against the President to cite the alleged fact that he discharged one Gitt, chief of the pension division, in which Rev. Dr. Scott, the President's father-in-law, was employed, because Gitt had long been in the habit of subjecting the old man to ridicule on account of his age and weakness. If it is nepotism to turn blackguards out of the government service, the more we have of it the better. We take it for granted that the President would have been quite as ready to take the same action if the sufferer had not been related to him. If what is told of Gitt be true, he not only richly deserved dismissal, but it would have been a righteous act to kick him down stairs.

Can They Grab the Flour Interests?
Utica Herald.

The latest reported scheme of English capitalists is to secure control of the flouring interests of the United States. The proposed plan of operations is said to be similar to that adopted by the brewing syndicate. Negotiations have already been opened with some of the largest mills in Minneapolis, with good prospects of success. Unless the Englishmen have an unlimited supply of money behind them, any attempt to corner the American flour production is likely to meet with discouraging results.

The Salt Syndicate.
Syracuse Journal.

Important intelligence relating to the salt syndicate, practically combining American and English interests, comes from London today. The mission of Messrs. Burt and Burger has been successful. The English salt union gives assurance of harmonious relations with the American salt interests, and extends financial support to the syndicate. Under this arrangement the Onondaga salt owners will sell to the syndicate, under a contract some time ago entered into.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

His Romantic Boyhood—For Years Disguised as a Girl.

The childhood of the late Allen Thorndike Rice was marked by an exciting episode. When he was a lad of nine years his parents separated, and each sought possession of the child. One day while Allen was at school at Nahant, pending the court's decision upon his possession, a hackman, black as the ace of spades, appeared at the schoolhouse, and asked to see the boy, as he had a message to deliver to him. No sooner had the youth stepped over the threshold than he was bundled into the hack, and whirled away toward Boston.

The abduction was soon discovered, and then an instant pursuit followed, but in vain.

For a day there was an entire absence of clue. Then a thread was found. The hackman was a white man blackened with burnt cork, and in washing himself he left a smooch or two behind the ears. By this he was found out, was arrested, fined and imprisoned. Following up the clue, the boy and his mother were traced to a country town in Northern Vermont, and at last the very house was located. The officers searched the building from roof to cellar, but could not find the lad. Yet he was there, concealed in an under-ground passage. At night Mrs. Rice and the boy slipped away to Canada. Next day they were in Island Pond. Driven to bay again, they went to Portland, and there embarking on a coasting vessel sailed for Richmond, Va., from which city they took a vessel to England. A greater part of the time Allen was compelled to wear girl's clothes as a disguise.

It was in this curious way that Allen Thorndike Rice came to visit Europe, and the adventure resulted in his staying abroad until he had attained his majority.

As to the Marriages of Jew and Christian.

The *Jewish Messenger* says that an important question about mixed marriages has been decided by Dr. Hildesheimer. It specifies:

A Jew who had married a Christian had his three boys duly initiated. The husband died, and the mother, who had remained a Christian, requested the directors of the Jewish Orphan asylum to admit these boys to their institution, and to educate them as Jews. The directors refused to admit them, as the institution is founded for Jewish orphans, and these children are no Jews. The question was put before Dr. Hildesheimer. He found the decision of the directors correct. In mixed marriages the children belong to the creed of the mother. We do not wish proselytes. If the children received a Jewish education, will they remain Jews and observe the religious rites? General experience teaches that, though one has proselytes, there is hardly one true Jew. And will the mother, after they leave the institution, retain them in Judaism? Whoever causes them to accept Judaism, assumes a great responsibility, as they put a stumbling block before the blind," as the proselyte is obliged to observe every religious precept, while otherwise they have only to observe the seven Noechide precepts.

Her Day.

Mrs. Oldrich—"I was very sorry to miss you last week. I thought I had hit upon your day to be at home. Have you changed it?" Mrs. Newcome—"Oh, no? I have no regular day." Mrs. Oldrich—"But your cards say Thursday." Mrs. Newcome—"Yes. Isn't it convenient. I noticed them at the stationer's. They're such a neat reminder. I have a pack for every day in the week, so that folks will remember just what day I called."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Publishers' Column.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, ... EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

WHITE HOUSE SOCIAL LIFE.

Conclusion of the Third Period of Its History.

THE tragic event which relegated Mrs. Lincoln to private life, brought into the White House a woman of an entirely different temperament and character—the wife of President Johnson. We read of her as a brave, heroic spirit, devoted to the husband who won his laurels by determination and hard work up to the finality; a woman who sadly deplored the mournful event that placed him in the highest office to be held in this country, because she was only proud of what came to him through his own effort; a woman who endured with fortitude the hardships which the war brought to those who, in the rebel states, were true to the Union cause. She came to the White House, broken in health and spirits and utterly unable to lead its social life, appearing but once in public. The duties of the position were performed by her daughter, Mrs. Patterson, who, gracious and elegant in manner, never forgot what was due to the place she filled, and yet who assumed its duties and honors because it seemed necessary and not because it gave her any pleasure.

She found the mansion in a terrible condition consequent upon the harrowing scenes just passed, and for months her whole time was given to its renovation under her personal supervision. The winter found it in perfect order and for a sum which seemed astonishingly small when the results attained were considered. It was handsomer than it had ever been before though possessing a quiet simplicity that accorded well with Republican ideas.

Unpopular as was the administration politically, it was socially successful. The levees were always well attended, and the farewell reception was the largest ever held at the White House. Mrs. Patterson was elegant and dignified in manner, dressed richly but never gaudily, and is remembered with pleasure by Washington society.

MRS. GRANT AS MISTRESS.

Next came Mrs. Grant, whose history as the wife of her illustrious husband is familiar to the whole country. She, too, like the wives of other Presidents had been at his side during the early days of struggle, but she had never known real hardship. With pleasure she entered the White House to preside over its social life. Peace reigned in the land, a peace in the securing of which her husband had borne a prominent part. There was no cloud resting upon him, and she looked upon his elevation as only his due for past services. With this idea, it may readily be imagined that she suffered no patronage, but proceeded to inaugurate a gaiety entirely unlike what had preceded it. "She introduced the pretty custom that still prevails of surrounding herself with ladies of distinction to assist in doing the honors."

Mrs. Grant has sometimes been severely criticized because she used her influence to procure pleasant and paying places for her family and friends. There is no doubt but that the Presidential patronage was dispensed more freely in that way than was well. Mrs. Grant loved place and power, and she also liked to show what her husband could do for those, who, in earlier years had looked upon him as a failure. It is due to her to say that she carried herself well, not only as the first lady in the United States, but in all the foreign courts which they visited in their travels, and where they were feted and honored.

When she regretfully left the White House, it was done courteously and with regard to the comfort of her successors. She received them pleasantly, a handsome entertainment having also been provided for themselves and their friends. The house, too, was in good order, and a day's provisions supplied for the table.

MOTHER OF THE REGIMENT.

Mrs. Hayes, known among the soldiers under her husband's command as the "Mother of the Regiment," won the *soubriquet* in the following way: A half-witted fellow was told by his comrades, immediately after her arrival in camp, that she had come to do mending for the soldiers. In good faith he carried his half-worn blouse to her to mend. After a moment's bewilderment she saw the situation and determining to save him from being made a butt of ridicule, she took and mended it as if it really were her business. The men were somewhat ashamed, but delighted with her way of treating the matter, gave her the above title.

Thoroughly conversant with all matters of social etiquette, Mrs. Hayes entered the White House with frankly expressed pleasure. She was delighted with the old mansion and its historical associations. With a keen sense of the dignity of her husband's position, she allowed no interference in the affairs of the household, and no woman ever exercised more power in public affairs, or decidedly regulated the internal arrangements of the White House. She believed in and practiced total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, and she insisted that all who came to the Presidential mansion should do likewise, whether they liked it or not. The sincerity of her purpose, and the purity of her motives were alike unquestionable, and she won for herself a high place in the regard of all who believe that temperance and morality go hand in hand.

Mrs. Gordon says of her: "Base-born motives were not within the ken of her comprehension, but office-holders and office-seekers would often play the hypocrite's part to ingratiate themselves in her favor; once winning it, by teetotalism, prayers and psalm-singing, they feared neither President nor Secretary of State."

It might be said, perhaps, that Mrs. Hayes inaugurated a new woman era, for hitherto those who had been mistresses of the White House had either made no impress upon the administrations, or were simply social queens, whose supremacy began and ended in the drawing-room. Mrs. Grant, as said before, undoubtedly influenced some of her husband's appointments, but that was all. Mrs. Hayes so identified herself with her husband's position that it cannot be considered apart from her. The strength and potency of her influence for good has brought an increased respect for her sex, and showed the possibilities of the future for women.

"In the midst of her surroundings," writes Laura C. Holloway, "which were outwardly captivating enough to turn a strong head, she lived a self-respecting life, individualizing it without antagonizing her husband's public interests."

It would be pleasant to linger longer with this woman of rare courage, of intelligence and culture were there time, but Ohio may well be proud of this daughter who has helped all women by her conduct in a difficult position.

THE NEXT LADY.

Mrs. Garfield was a woman of good sense, quiet and retiring, averse to fashionable life, but desirous of acquitting herself well for her husband's sake, in her exalted position. She was in no sense a brilliant society leader, yet a woman self-poised, refined and affable.

In the few weeks following the inauguration, at the informal receptions and entertainments that were all which the season allowed, Mrs. Garfield showed by her manner and address that she knew what was required of her, and the nation would have no cause to be ashamed of its first lady. Then came the tragic ending of her husband's life, followed by her own retirement from all public notice.

Gen. Arthur, who became chief magistrate under such trying circumstances, had lost his wife, and during his administration, the presiding lady was his youngest sister, Mrs. McElroy, a high-bred, cultivated, beautiful woman, whose elegance of manner and rare tact enabled her to help her brother in giving an exceeding brilliance to social life at the White House. The state dinners were elegant, and, indeed, the whole establishment was conducted upon a basis befitting a great nation.

MESDAMES CLEVELAND AND HARRISON.

It is not necessary for me to enter into any description of Mrs. Cleveland, nor of the social life at the White House during her reign there, for it is too recent to have its memory dimned. The radiant beauty of that bright young girl, her gracious womanhood, her exquisite tact and the delicate kindness with which she treated everybody who came into her presence, have enshrined her in the nation's heart, without regard to political or moral judgment of her husband. The good wishes of the people have followed her into her retirement—good wishes mingled with gratitude that she so uniformly maintained the dignity of her place as the wife of the President of one of the world's great nations.

Of Mrs. Harrison THE BLADE readers have already read in these columns, while her husband was yet only the President-elect. She has not had time to show what will be her impress upon the social life of Washington, but those who have seen and marked her quiet dignity, her refined manners, and her engaging address, combined with her evident sincerity of purpose, have no fear that she will ever do aught unbecoming the lady of the White House.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

THE following article will be very welcome to THE HOUSEHOLD for the many useful hints contained therein:

SPRING FANCY WORK.—Every one likes to have some new article in the way of fancy work, to bring out after the spring house cleaning is over. Perhaps one has a corner that lacks something to fill it, and has wanted a little stand or table but did not feel able to buy one. With a little ingenuity one can be made with three broom handles for legs and a round, triangular, octagon or clover leaf shaped board for a top. A butter firkin top is just the thing for a round top. Saw the legs the desired length, lay them together and put a rubber band around them at the center. Now spread them to fit the top and fasten with wire. Gild, paint or stain the legs. The top may be covered with any material from paper to plush. Put a lambrequin, lace or fringe around the edge. Before covering the top, fasten it to the legs with glue and small sized wire nails. Carpet warp crocheted antique pattern makes a pretty lambrequin; so does crazy work, heavy cloth plisked and worked, or any suitable fabric painted. Another way is to sandpaper the top, and stain or paint to match the legs. Make a fringe or festoons of acorns or small cones, strung upon strong thread. These tables are pretty to hold an album, an easel and picture, or a pot of flowers. A pretty addition to the last named is a scarf drapery. These are generally made of Chinese silk, fringed with sewing silk. However, pretty ones are made of cheese cloth (colored) deeply fringed, or of satine. The latter can be embroidered or painted. Perhaps you possess pieces of an old pongee or foulard dress. If so you have materials for very pretty scarfs to drape over picture frames, chairs, etc.; either fringe the ends, trim with lace or make a fringe of knitting or embroidery silk. The pongee can be outlined or painted upon.

An old palm leaf fan can be made into a pretty pocket for cards. Cover the half next the handle with some plain material, with embroidery or painting (or even a pretty embrossed picture) upon it. Make a pocket for the top part by shirring the material and covering, to form a pocket. Face the back with cambric. A cord makes a pretty finish for the edge. Gild the handle and tie to it a bunch of grasses, paper or artificial flowers, or simply a bow of ribbon. A pretty way to ornament a banner or lambrequin is to embroider cherries or grapes upon it. Make the leaves of chenille, and for the fruit cut out round pieces of satin or velvet the size of a half dollar. Carefully overcast the edges, and place on it a little ball of cotton. Draw up the edges until a round ball is made. Sew firmly into place. These look very natural, and are very easily and quickly done.

Pretty panels to fill door panels are made of satine or curtain holland, with convenient design painted upon them. Bind with narrow ribbon, and fasten into place at the corners with gilt-headed tacks.

As the season for dust and flies comes on, a cover for lamp chimney tops is very useful. They may be made in the form of jockey or Tam O'Shanter caps, of satin, or a piece of velvet covered with satin and edged with lace; or a bunch of paper or artificial flowers are pretty.

I have a little pink glass hat for one of mine, that was originally meant to hold toothpicks, and very cute it is.

Very handsome portieres can be made of double faced canton-flannel, with a wide border of conventional flowers done in lustra painting, crimson with an ivy leaf vine done in green gold and gilt, peacock blue done in brown gold and gilt, or olive green done in silver and copper, are all good combinations. Pretty ones are of plain goods with "crazy work" borders, or of "crazy work" with a border of satin or plush, painted or embroidered. Or get blue denim and place two or three strips of "crazy work" across it. These strips or bands can be made of worsted pieces, worked with zephyr or crewels. Plain bands of any contrasting color can be used and feather-stitched at each edge. Heavy unbleached muslin outlined with coarse turkey red floss, or with bands of turkey red calico sewed upon them, are pretty for summer. So are turkey red ones trimmed or outlined with white. Curtains for windows can be made in any of the above ways. If you cannot get Holland for inside curtains, use unbleached muslin, or even cream-colored paper can be made to do. I once saw shades made of wall paper like the room was papered with. Cheese cloth makes pretty cottage curtains. Put a broad hem at the bottom and a shirr at the top so as to leave an inch and a half for a heading. This, to my notion, looks better this way than to use poles. Poles can be made of broom handles or heavy wire gilded, and small brass rings can be bought very cheap.

By the by, cheese cloth makes the best of dusters. Hem it in yard lengths and have several, so they can be washed often. They gather the dust instead of scattering it. I will not say much on the subject of curtains, unless requested to do so.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stiten; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet: c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

ROSE LEAF EDGING.—Cast on 30 stitches. 1st row—k 3—o—k1—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—p 1—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—k 5—o—k 6. 2d row—k 6—o—k 3—o—n—k 3—p 3—k 1—p 3—k 1—p 3—k 1—p 6. 3d row—k 3—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—p 1—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—k 2—n—o—k 5—o—k 6. 4th row—Bind off 4—k 1—o—n—k 3—n—o—n—k 1—p 3—k 1—p 2—k 1—p 2—k 1—p 6. 5th row—k 3—o—k 1—o—n—p 1—n—p 1—n—p 1—n—p 1—n—o—k 1—o—k 3—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 3. 6th row—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 3 tog—o—k 4—p 4—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 7. 7th row—k 3—o—k 3—o—k 3 tog—p 1—k 3 tog—o—k 3—o—k 5—o—k 1—o—k 6. 8th row—k 6—o—k 3—o—n—k 3—p 6—k 1—p 9. 9th row—k 3—o—k 5—o—k 3 tog—o—k 5—o—k 2—n—o—k 5—o—k 6. 10th row—Bind off 4—k 1—o—n—k 1—p 18. 11th row—k 3—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—p 1—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—k 3—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 3. 12th row—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 3 tog—o—k 4—p 3—k 1—p 3—k 1—p 3—k 1—p 6. 13th row—k 3—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—p 1—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—k 5—o—k 1—o—k 6. 14th row—k 6—o—k 3—o—n—k 3—p 3—k 1—p 2—k 1—p 2—k 1—p 6. 15th row—k 3—o—k 1—o—n—p 1—n—p 1—n—p 1—n—o—k 1—o—k 2—n—o—k 5—o—k 6. 16th row—Bind off 4—k 1—o—n—k 3—n—o—n—k 1—p 4—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 7. 17th row—k 3—o—k 3—o—k 3 tog—p 1—k 3 tog—o—k 3—o—k 3—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 3. 18th row—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 3 tog—o—k 4—p 6—k 1—p 9. 19th row—k 3—o—k 5—o—k 3 tog—o—k 5—o—k 1—o—k 6. 20th row—k 6—o—k 3—o—n—k 3—p 18. 21st row—k 3—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—p 1—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—k 2—n—o—k 5—o—k 6. 22d row—Bind off 4—k 1—o—n—k 3—n—o—n—k 1—p 3—k 1—p 3—k 1—p 3—k 1—p 6. 23rd row—k 3—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—p 1—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—k 3—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 3. 24th row—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 3 tog—o—k 4—p 3—k 1—p 3—k 1—p 3—k 1—p 6. 25th row—k 3—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—p 1—n—o—k 1—o—k 5—o—k 1—o—k 6. 26th row—k 6—o—k 3—o—n—k 3—p 4—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 7. 27th row—k 3—o—k 3—o—k 3 tog—p 1—k 3 tog—o—k 3—o—k 2—n—o—k 5—o—k 6. 28th row—Bind off 4—k 1—o—n—k 3—n—o—n—k 1—p 6—k 1—p 9. 29th row—k 3—o—k 5—o—k 3 tog—o—k 5—o—k 3—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 3. 30th row—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 3 tog—o—k 4—p 18. I know this is correct.—MRS. K.

The above is published in answer to inquiries, but we do not like to use such long patterns. Please send short ones.—ED.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO WASH LACE CURTAINS.—If you want your lace curtains, or your scrim curtains, or your any kind of wash-curtains, to look as good as new, after the trying ordeal of "doing up," just try the following plan: In the first place, shake them well, then fold carefully, so that they will be the proper width to pass through the wringer smoothly. Prepare a tub of soft warm water with about a tablespoonful of borax and a judicious amount of soap, and place therein the folded curtains to soak over night. In the morning put them carefully through the wringer, and then, still folded, in the boiler, the water for which has been prepared in the same way as that used for soaking the curtains, with the addition—be sure not to leave this out—of one tablespoonful of kerosene for each pailful of water in the boiler. After boiling for twenty minutes remove the curtains and pass again through the wringer. Now shake out and rinse well. Prepare a second tub of rinsing water by adding to it a tablespoonful of raw starch dissolved in water, for each pail of water also a little bluing, if you want them to look white—and then, after rinsing in this water, carry tub-water, curtains and all into the yard, directly beneath the clothes line. (N. B. No objection to removing some of the water from the tub if it is too heavy to carry, but don't wring any water out of the curtains) Find the middle of a back edge of a curtain, and fasten it to the line; (don't throw it over the line, but hold it along the edge), then proceed to do the same every few inches, straightening out the edge as you go, until one end of the curtain has been reached. Then begin at the middle again and work towards the other end. You see the weight of the water, gradually settling toward the outer edge of the curtain, does your stretching for you more evenly and with less wear and tear on the curtain than if you used a frame or pinned it to the floor. After drying they may be pressed with a warm iron if you like—it depends somewhat upon the material—but they will be perfectly straight when removed from the line.

DOROTHY.

The editor can vouch for the excellence of the above method, if carried out as described.

A WORD WITH THE GIRLS.—A few months ago I spent some time in the home of Mabel Downs. She is an only child. Her home is a large, elegantly furnished farm house. Her mother, who has long been my friend, is an educated, cultured woman, and I expected to find Mabel a happy, busy girl. Her father is a wealthy man, and Mabel has spent seven years at school in a neighboring city.

The people by whom the Downs are surrounded are quiet farmers not much given to style or culture, but there are many young people among them, bright, energetic girls and quiet, self-possessed lads, but Mabel has no friends among them. Just listen a moment and I will describe her appearance and accomplishments.

She is a *petite*, graceful brunette with a soft, melodious voice. She has studied much and can play correctly and pleasingly. She has had lessons in painting, and the parlors of her home are adorned with several landscapes, showing an excellent eye for color and effect, but a disregard for perspective and painstaking care. Spent several months learning to embroider, so the house contains many dainty tidies, cushions and banners. Has studied French, as the text books ostentatiously displayed on the sitting-room table testify.

Now, what does it all amount to?

In the time I spent there Mabel was absent from home only for an occasional drive about the country. Sunday we worshipped at the quaint little church a mile distant, but the mother said, "Mabel does not care to go, as Mr. Grayson is so lacking in culture and refinement."

As I looked into the kindly old face and heard the words of loving counsel I thought Mabel might have been profited.

You ask how she occupied her time. In caring for the birds and flowers, sweeping and dusting the parlors, and on rare occasions arranging a dainty dessert. For the rest she "miggled" as Desire in Mrs. Whitney's "Real Folks" expresses it at music and embroidery, rode out, and spent the rest of the time reading and dressing.

I talked with her about books. History she could not remember, biography was dull, poetry she "adored," but her favorite authors, judging by the books I saw in her hands, are "Ouida" and Bertha M. Clay.

Painting, the one thing at which she might accomplish something, was not touched, although she told me she had several pictures commenced.

Think of it, girls. A bright, young life, containing such glorious possibilities, wasted in this way. Mabel did not care to associate with the people living near them. Plainly, she did not think them good enough. She told me: "I dread the coming winter, for I am never very strong and life is so monotonous here. There is no place for me to go and I get so low spirited."

Confidentially, girls, I had hard work to keep from speaking my mind. What would I have Mabel do? First, be a real help and companion to her indulgent parents. Ah! girls, there is an ample field of labor for you in your own homes. Mabel had many advantages not enjoyed by the girls around her. How much she might have done for them! She might have been a very queen among them, but daughter of Mrs. Down's washerwoman showed a remarkable aptitude for art, and would have made any sacrifice for lessons. If Mabel had spent one hour each week teaching her, it would have meant much to the child. A school house was in sight. The teacher, a slender girl with a thoughtful, serious face, was working to help pay the mortgage from which her home had looked its beauty as girls do. How a cluster of hot house flowers or a new magazine would have brightened her life. Yet I hear Mabel laugh at the shabby clothing of this young heroine. The little church of which I have spoken needs an organist, a position Mabel might have filled, but these people lacked "culture and refinement."

Dear girls, don't follow this example, but make something of your lives and be of some use.—HOPE DARING.

TAKING CARE OF CANARIES.—Having received many useful hints from THE HOUSEHOLD department I would like to contribute my part by answering "A Reader's" inquiry on the care of canaries. I have had many years experience caring for these beautiful songsters and have raised quite a number.

First, give your bird a pleasant situation, near a window, if possible. The best food is a mixture of rape, canary, and a very little hemp seed. I buy the seed and mix it; think it better than that which comes ready prepared.

Give them plenty of food, such as lettuce, cabbage, celery, catnip blossoms, and sweet apples. They are also fond of bread, soaked in milk.

Fresh water should be given them every day, and in very warm weather twice a day; their bath dish should also be given them as often as they will make use of it.

Keep a small bag of cheese cloth, filled with sulphur, where the birds can pick at it and he will not have mice. Cuttle fish and red pepper should also hang in the cage. In the summer, let the bird hang in the fresh air, if possible, sheltered from the sun and rain.

Canaries are social pets, and are easily tamed by talking to them, and teasing them with the finger, which they will soon learn to pick, especially if a little sugar is put on it. Mine will take food from my mouth.—EUNICE HOWARD.

INQUIRIES.

Will any of the sisters, if they have them, send me February 14 number 8, 9 and 10 of THE BLADE. I will willing pay postage and price of paper. I have some patterns that I took from the papers and have lost the papers. I gain so much good from the HOUSEHOLD, that part alone is worth the dollar.—MRS. ROSA COXEN, No. 6 Long street, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Please tell me where I can get the recipe for preventing wrinkles. If the young lady who wants to know the salaries of teachers in New Mexico and Arizona will put her address in the paper, I will write and give her all the information I can.—ARIZONA.

Would some one please tell through the HOUSEHOLD a pretty way for curling the bangs, so they will look natural?—BESSIE.

I would like to correspond with some of the jolly girls and boys of the HOUSEHOLD of from 14 to 17 years of age; also I will be obliged if some of the girl readers would send me pieces of worsted about 3 inches square with their names and addresses worked on in any stitch preferred, as I desire to make a quilt of pieces from THE BLADE readers?—Miss MARY A. E. SMITH, West Lebanon, Warren county, Indiana.

Can any of the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD tell me if there is any way to clean oil paintings that have got smoked, also the the frames, which are gilt?—MRS. I. W. HATCH, Dayton, Florida.

Could any one tell me a cure for a lame wrist?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some kind reader tell me where I could get a variety of cactus plants or seeds? And will some one also tell the cause of curled-leaf on peach trees and the preventive?—MRS. E. L. F.

Will the editor or some of THE BLADE readers tell me where I can get designs for cross-stitch embroidery?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Go to a fancy work store.—ED.

Will some one tell me how to put down cucumber pickles so they will make their own vinegar?—C. E. S., Brookville, Kan.

Will any of the readers of THE BLADE that have any Sunday school papers which they would be willing to send up North to help furnish a Sunday school forward them to F. R. H., Box 244, Roscommon, Mich.

Will some one please tell me how to make a pretty towel rack for a washstand? Also where to send for the paper "Good Housekeeping." I would like to take it if I knew where to send for it.—L.

Send to Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass.

Will some one please send me the poems entitled the Dying Girl's Message and the Organ Builder?

Will some of the readers of THE BLADE send me pieces of silk, satin or plush with their names, ages, and address worked on them for my crazy quilt?

Will Montana May please tell me how to prepare rose leaves for perfume and where can find them? say.—EMMA CARDER, Cairo, Ritchie Co., W. Va.

I am a young girl of 19 years, and would like a home as companion to some lady. I am a constant reader of the HOUSEHOLD, and am at present making a glorious scrap-book of clippings from the same.—H. H. DAVIS, Strickland, Hayes Co., Neb.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Mrs. J. W. Hatch, Florida, the orange flowers came fairly well but not so perfectly as some arbutus which was shut in a close tin box, and looked as if it had just been cut from the stem. The moss, perhaps, did not exclude the air entirely. Yet they were very enjoyable. Many thanks for your kind offer.

Miss L. There is a school for training hospital nurses in Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo, Rochester, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and, in fact, most large cities. It would be well for you to address a letter of inquiry to one or more of these schools, and circulars will be sent to you containing all that you want to know. Simply address Training School for Nurses at Woman's Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., or Cincinnati Training School for Nurses at College of Medicine and Surgery, Cincinnati, O., or Training School for Nurses at Bellevue Hospital, New York City.—ED.

Mr. L. M., Arkansas City, Kansas, the books you inquire about can always be obtained from the publishers. The best way, however, is to go to a responsible bookseller and get him to send for them for you. He can always ascertain the publisher of any popular work, too, if you do not know. Miss Holley's last work has not, we believe, been issued yet, but will be soon. "An I. D. B. in South Africa" costs somewhere about $1.50, but we do not know exactly.—ED.

The question has been asked how to get rid of fleas. Sour common salt wherever they exist.—F. M. HUTS.

Having seen a request in your valuable paper by a little girl of 13 years for good reading matter, if she will send her name and address to Mrs. G. G. Wells, Cottage City, Mass., we will return copies of *Youth's Companion* which two little girls have accumulated and would be glad to dispose of to those that would appreciate them. To others we make the same offer until the supply is exhausted. If they can pay the postage they can do so, if not, we will.—MRS. G. WELLS.

Lenora A. Hanes, Central Station, W. Va., sends thanks to all who sent her pieces with their names on for her BLADE quilt.

Elvia Jane Nixon, Grinnell, Iowa, the best way is for you to write directly to the land office nearest to the particular place to which you want to go. For eastern Colorado, Denver or Pueblo would answer the purpose. Address your letter of inquiry to "Register of Land Office" at either or both places, and you will receive information.—ED.

IN THE BLADE of April 25, "Savelah" wanted to know how to get a pattern off of paper on to woolen goods. A good way is to prick the pattern with a needle or tracing wheel and put it on the goods, and stamp with white paint or powder.—DR VERE FERO.

M. M. B. "Health and Beauty" will be forwarded to you by sending $1 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O. The recipe you mention will be found there.—ED.

RECIPES.

STEWED CELERY WITH CREAM SAUCE.—Cut stalks and small leaves, any parts that are eatable, in small pieces and stew in salted water for twenty or thirty minutes, using as little water as possible. When tender add to 1 cupful milk or cream 1 tablespoonful butter, pepper, salt, and small tablespoonful flour; stir smooth, add to celery, boil a few minutes. Serve hot. This has a delicious nutty flavor and is nice for any meal.

POACHED EGGS WITH CREAM SAUCE.—Into well settled boiling water break fresh eggs, set back where they will simmer but not boil, prepare sauce as for celery, except that it must be cooked in separate vessel, add a little chopped parsley, if convenient, take up eggs on platter, drain well, pour sauce over and serve at once.

CHOCOLATE FILLING FOR CAKE.—One half cup sugar, butter, size of hickory nut, ½ cup milk, ½ square of sweet chocolate, or little less of cocoa, boil 20 minutes, stir until thick cream. If the sweet chocolate is used, I presume it will require grating; the other needs only to be broken into small bits, spread on while warm.

We like "Montana May's" suet pudding very much indeed. We like almost anything THE BLADE contains, especially THE HOUSEHOLD columns.—MRS. J. S. STEPHEN, South Ottawa, Ill.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Cut the cucumbers from the vines with a sharp knife, wash carefully so as not to rub off the little briars, then pack in brine strong enough to bear an egg, put a cloth and weight on to keep them well under brine (more brine and cucumbers may be added any time). If a skum rises wash it off. They will keep two years. When wanted for use soak till fresh, changing the water once or twice, then boil in weak vinegar an hour or until tender. Throw out the vinegar and to a quart of new vinegar add one or two cupsfuls of sugar, bring to a boil and pour over the pickles. They are ready for use the next day and are splendid.

ONE EGG CAKE.—One cupful butter, one and a half cupful sugar, three of flour, one of sweet milk, one egg, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, sifted in the flour; one cupful raisins, cut fine and stirred in the flour. This is my favorite cake, as it don't get dry like some kinds.—MRS. I. M. J.

STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE.—3 cupfuls of flour, 2 of milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoonful of butter, 2 of sugar, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake 15 minutes. Bake in a long tin in two sheets, one lying upon the other, which allows it to be split easily. Split apart, spread the under part with butter, then put on a layer of strawberries which have been sugared. Finish with the upper crust, and it is ready to serve. Sliced oranges are sometimes used in place of strawberries.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

EAGLE LAKE, MINN.
Belle Reynolds,
Arthur Reynolds,
Lucy Dane,
Hattie Mills,
Carrie Mills,
Pearl Moon,
Harry Otto,
Jessie Macbeth,
Carrie Macbeth,
Willie Mills,
Leslie Haggard,
Edith Haggard,
Mable Haggard,
Elsie Haggard,
Mary Mills,
Eliza Russell,
Lena Walzer,
Sara Huson,
Maude Ford,
Willie Coffin,
Alpha Coffin,
Daisy E. Reynolds,
Earl Taber.

HOKAH, MINN.
Alice Davis.

LANSING, W. VA.
Nannie B. Young,
Will W. Cart,
Rosy L. Kincaid,
Ella Comer.

SHANNONDALE, MO.
Willie Todd.

WAYNE, N. Y.
Anna Wortman,
Josie Barrett,
Matie Kinner,
Berdett Kinner,
Gordon Kinner.

Names this week, 34. Total 26,830.

The above embraces all names received up to May 24.

A LITTLE PLANTER.

Down by the wall where the lilacs grow,
Digging away with the garden hoe,
Toiling as busily as he can—
Eager and earnest, dear little man!
Spoon and shingle are lying by,
With a bit of evergreen long since dry.

"What are you doing, dear?" I ask'
Ted for an instant stops his task,
Glances up, with a sunny smile
Dimpling his rosy cheeks the while;
"Why, it is Arbor Day, you see,
And I'm planting a next-year's Christmas tree.

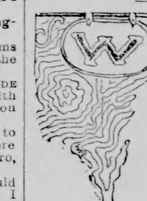
"For last year, auntie, Johnny Dunn
Didn't have even the smallest one;
And I almost cried, he felt so bad,
When I told 'bout the splendid one we had;
And I thought if I planted this one here,
And watered it every day this year,
It would grow real fast—I think it might;
(His blue eyes fill with an eager light).
And I'm sure 'twill be, though very small,
A great deal better than none at all."

Then something suddenly comes between
My eyes and the bit of withered green,
As I kiss the face of our Teddy-boy,
Bright and glowing with giving's joy.
And Johnny Dunn, it is plain to me,
Will have his next year's Christmas tree.
—*Youth's Companion.*

For the Young Folks.

"LITTLE MISS DISCONTENT."

BY LULU LYON.



WHAT a dreary, dismal day! The rain drops are falling, and freezing in little hard lumps soon as they reach the ground. Birdie Raymond, "Little Miss Discontent," as mamma calls her, is standing by the window in the front parlor, tears chasing each other down her rosy little cheeks and a very discontented look upon her face; gazing out upon the driveway, which is now like a little frozen creek.

She has stood thus for ten minutes, tracing scrawly pictures on the window panes with her dimpled little fingers.

"Wish I lived in Zera," (Sahara) said the little girl to herself. "Papa said it didn't rain and it didn't snow, and was always sunshiny as could be! To-day is my birthday, too, and I can't have the party I was going to have, 'cause all the girls are 'frad of spoiling their clothes—guess they could get more! I am six years old—three and three, and will never be six again! Aunt Mollie said so last night. All my presents won't amount to nothing, 'cause no one will be here to see them, and I am just dying to show my doll cradle to Bessie Green—wouldn't she be jealous!"

"Birdie! Birdie!"

It was Aunt Molly calling from the hall. She softly opened the parlor door. "What, the little girl in tears? Isn't there enough rain drops outside?"

Birdie looked up, and seeing how pretty she looked in her well fitting black silk and white apron, exclaimed.

"O, aunt Mollie, you look sweet enough to kiss!"

"Well, can't 'Little Miss Discontent' wipe away the naughty tears and kiss me?"

Aunt Mollie was not a spinister of forty-five, who took charge of the house and kept the little ones when mamma was away, like most of the aunties we read about. She was Mrs. Raymond's youngest sister, Mollie Blake, pretty and girlish and just married.

"How can you be so happy?" grumbled "Little Discontent," "its dark as a dungeon; the parlor and hall have been shut up like a box all day!"

"Well, supposing we open the doors," said Aunt Mollie with a pleasant smile.

At this, she threw open the doors between the front and back parlor, and there—to Birdie's surprise—sat sixteen little girls almost biting their little tongues off, to keep from laughing at the joke they were playing on Birdie. Nellie Coe was the first to speak.

"May your birthday happy be, and very many may you see," she said, coming forward and placing a wreath of flowers on Birdie's head, and leading the little girl to a chair in the corner, where was heaped up the pretty things the little girls had brought.

Birdie thanked them, then glancing out of the window said.

"How did you ever get here through the rain?"

"O! we run between the drops!" exclaimed Grace Hughes. At this all the little girls laughed and began to suggest games. Birdie got her doll and they played until mamma rung a tiny bell, and aunt Mollie opened the dining-room door. The little girls declared the supper was delicious, and just before they left the table mamma brought each a doughnut doll; they laughed and said they should keep them in Birdie's next birthday. After supper they played in the nursery awhile, and Birdie brought forth her cradle, which was greatly admired by all.

"Oh, girls! I have one just like it!" exclaimed Bessie Green, "got it Christmas."

When the lamps were lit in the parlor and hall, mamma brought in the little girls' wraps and bundled them up nice and warm.

"O! how will you get home through the rain?" said Birdie.

"Just as we came," said Kittie Thurman.

"Not between the drops?" said Birdie.

"O no! didn't you know your mamma sent the carriage for us?"

When they were gone, Mrs. Raymond turned to Birdie, and was going to ask her if she had had a pleasant time, but seeing her look of discontentment, said.

"Well, well, 'Little Miss Discontent' again!"

"It's an awful swindle! You might have told me—and—then Bessie Green has a cradle just like mine."

"Hard to please little Lady Raymond, I think," said aunt Mollie.

"Perhaps we had better put 'Miss Discontent' to bed, and let her sleep until she is in a better humor," suggested mamma.

Birdie cried and pouted, but the little white night dress was put on, and the discontented little Miss tucked snugly in bed. She wept awhile, and then aunt Mollie come in and told her the story of "Little Bo-peep," and she fell asleep to dream that she was a poor little girl out in the sleet, and icicles hanging so heavily around the bottom of her dress that she could scarcely walk, and every step she took threw her in a little cold bare field. She thought she came to a house just like her own pretty home, and, gazing in at the window, she saw a merry group; all had pretty dolls, cradles, books, dishes and everything to make them happy. She saw two kind ladies like mamma and aunt Mollie, wrapping the little girls in their warm cloaks and furs, then they were driven away in a handsome carriage, while she, poor shivering child, was out in the storm, cold, hungry, and no place to go. When she awoke and found she was in her own little bed, she arose, ran down stairs in her little white gown, threw her arms around mamma's neck and kissed her.

"Is my little girl content this morning?" asked mamma.

"O mamma!" said Birdie, "I will never be naughty again. I am so sorry—and—and won't you and aunt Mollie not call me—'Miss Discontent' any more?"

"Yes," said mamma, kissing the rose-bud lips, "if you will be a happy little girl."

A year later, when Birdie was seven times one, mamma said:

"I have not seen 'Little Miss Discontent' for a whole year. I am glad she does not call any more."

THE WRECK ON THE SAND SPIT.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"Don't know—don't know," said Uncle Nat, shaking his head and looking mournfully out of the lighthouse window upon the cold, gray ocean. "Afraid my Ben won't get home! What did I let him go to sea for?"

Was Uncle Nat crying?

"Don't!" said a girlish voice in the ear of the old gray headed light keeper. "We'll pray him home, Uncle Nat."

"Bless you, Betty. You are a comfort. You like to come down and keep your old uncle company at the Light. I ought to be ashamed of myself. Just a little salt spray in my eyes, dear, that's all."

Uncle Nat tried to smile. Then he said: "I guess I had better get our dinner ready." He rose and went to the cooking stove that, though a dumb, was yet a very important member of the lighthouse family.

Uncle Nat Atkins kept the lighthouse as Black Rocks. Black they were, save as the waves sprinkled them with foam. At low tide a sand pit making out from the rocks was left bare. Apart from this suggestion of land there was nothing of the kind to be seen nearer than the shore, three miles away. There Uncle Nat had a home from which his son Ben went one day in all the flush of a young man's hope to become a sailor on board the ship Franklin. How Uncle Nat missed Ben!

"Didn't know I had such a soft heart before," he would sometimes say to himself. When he became keeper of the light at Black Rocks he thought of Ben all the more frequently, so isolated and unINTERRUPTED was his occupation at the Rocks. Sometimes his young niece Betty and her brother Charlie would leave their mates playing on the pebbly beach and accompany their uncle home from one of his land visits, and this was how it had been to-day.

These visits were exceedingly agreeable to the lightkeeper. And when Betty tried to encour

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE ON GETTING RID OF SIN.

Not Much Good in Humanity Until It Is Reconstructed by God's Grace—How Different People Try to Wash the Sin Out of Their Souls.

BROOKLYN, May 26.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle to-day to an overflowing congregation. The text was: "If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."—Job ix: 30, 31. The eloquent preacher said:

Albert Barnes—honored be his name on earth and in heaven—went straight back to the original writing of my text, and translated it as I have now quoted it, giving substantial reasons for so doing. Although we know better, the ancients had an idea that in snow water there was a special power to cleanse, and that a garment washed and rinsed in it would be so clean as clean could be; but if the plain snow water failed to do its work, then they would take lye or alkali and mix it with oil, and under that preparation they felt that the last impurity would certainly be gone. Job, in my text, in most forceful figure sets forth the idea that all his attempts to make himself pure before God were a dead failure, and that, unless we are ablutted by something better than earthly liquids and chemical preparations, we are loathsome and in the ditch. "If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."

You see from the last part of this text that Job's idea of sin was very different from that of Eugene Sue, or George Sand, or M. J. Michelet, or any of the hundreds of writers who have done up iniquity in mezzotint, and garlanded the wine cup with eglantine and rosemary, and made the path of the libertine end in bowers of ease instead of on the hot flagging of eternal torture. You see that Job thinks that sin is not a flowery parterre; that it is not a tableland of fine prospects; that it is not music, dulcimer, violoncello, castanet, and Pandean pipes, all make music together. No. He says it is a ditch, long, deep, loathsome, stenchful, and in it we are plunged into it, and there we wallow, and sink, and struggle, not able to get out. Our robes of propriety and robes of worldly profession are saturated in the slime and abomination, and our soul, covered over with transgression, hates its covering, and the covering hates the soul, until we are both plunged into the ditch, and our own clothes abhor us.

I know that some modern religionists caricature sorrow for sin, and they make out an easier path than the "pilgrim's progress" that John Bunyan dreamed of. The road they travel does not stop where John's did, at the city of Destruction, but at the gate of the university; and I am very certain they will not come out where John's did, under the shining ramparts of the celestial city. No repentance, no pardon. If you do not, my brother, feel that you are down in the ditch,

What Do You Want of Christ

to lift you out? If you have no appreciation of the fact that you are astray, what do you want of him who came to seek and save that which was lost? Yonder is the City of Paris, the swiftest of the Inmans, coming across the Atlantic. The wind is abaft, so that she has not only her engines at work, but all sails set. I am on board the Umbria, of the Cunard line. The boat davits are swung around. The boat is lowered. I get into it with a red flag, and cross over to where the City of Paris is coming, and I wave the flag. The captain looks off from the bridge and says: "What do you want?" I reply: "I come to take some of your passengers across to the other vessel; I think they will be safer and more comfortable." The captain would look down with indignation and say: "Get out of the way, or I will run you down." And then I would back oars, amidst the jeering of two or three hundred people looking over the taffrail. But the Umbria and the City of Paris meet under different circumstances after a while. The City of Paris is coming out of a cyclone; the life boats are smashed, the bulwarks gone, the vessel rapidly going down. The boatswain gives his last whistle of despairing command. The passengers run up and down the deck, and some pray, and all make a great outcry. The captain says: "You have about fifteen minutes now to prepare for the next world." No hope? Surrounds from stem to stern, and from the ratlines down to the cabin. I see the distress. I am let down by the side of the Umbria. I push off as fast as I can toward the sinking City of Paris. Before I come up people are leaping into the water in their anxiety to get to the boat, and when I have swung up under the side of the City of Paris, the frenzied passengers rush through the gangway until the officers, with ax and clubs and pistols, try to keep back the crowd, each wanting his turn to come next. There is but one lifeboat, and they all want to get into it, and the cry is: "Me next! me next!" You see the application before I make it. As long as a man going on in his sin feels that all is well, that he is running out at a beautiful port, and has all sail set, he wants no Christ, he wants no help, he wants no rescue; but if under the flash of God's convicting spirit he shall see that by reason of sin he is dismasted and waterlogged, and going down into the trough of the sea where he cannot live, how soon he puts the sea glass to his eye and sweeps the horizon, and the first sign of help cries out: "I want to be saved. I want to be saved now. I want to be save forever." No sense of danger, no application for rescue.

Oh, that God's eternal spirit would flash upon us a sense of our sinfulness. The Bible tells the story

In Letters of Fire,

but we get used to it. We joke about sin. We make merry over it. What is sin? Is it a trifling thing? Sin is a vampire that is sucking out the life blood of your immortal nature. Sin? It is a Bastile that no earthly key ever unlocked. Sin? It is expatriation from God and heaven. Sin? It is grand larceny against the Almighty, for the Bible asks the question: "Will a man rob God?" answering it in the affirmative. This gospel is a writ of replevin to recover property unlawfully detained from God.

In the Sandwich Islands there is a man with the lepro sy. The hollow of the foot has swollen until it is flat on the ground. The joints begin fo fall away. The ankle thickens until it looks like the foot of a wild beast. A stare unnatural comes to the eye. The nostril is constricted. The voice drops to an almost inaudible hoarseness. Tubercles blotch the whole body, and from them there comes an exudation that is unbearable to the beholder. That is leprosy, and we have all got it unless cleansed by the grace of God. See Leviticus. See II Kings. See Mark. See Luke. See fifty Bible allusions and confirmations.

The Bible is not complimentary in its language. It does not speak mincingly about our sins. It does not talk apologetically. There is no vermilion in its style. It does not cover up our transgressions with blooming metaphor. It does not sing about them in weak falsetto; but it thunders out: "The imagination of a man's heart is evil from his youth." "Every one has gone back. He has altogether become filthy. He is abominable and filthy, and drinketh in iniquity like water." And then the Lord Jesus Christ flings down at our feet this humiliating catalogue: "Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornication, murders, thefts, blasphemy." There is a text for your rationalists to preach from. Oh! the dignity of human nature! There is an element of your science of man that the anthropologist never has had the courage yet to touch; and the Bible, in all the ins and outs of the most forceful style, sets forth our natural pollution, and represents iniquity as a rightful thing, as an exhausting thing, as a loathsome thing. It is not a mere bemiring of the feet, it is not a mere befouling of the hands; it is going down, head and ears under, in a ditch, until our clothes abhor us.

My brethren, shall we stay down where sin thrusts us? I shall not, if you do. We cannot afford to.

I Have To-day to Tell You

that there is something purer than snow-water, something more pungent than alkali, and that is the blood of Jesus Christ, that cleanseth from all sin. Ay, the river of Salvation, bright, crystaline and heaven-born, rushes through this audience with billowy tide strong enough to wash your sins completely and forever away. O Jesus, let the dam that holds it back now break, and the floods of salvation roll over us.

Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let us get down on both knees and bathe in that flood of mercy. Ay, strike out with both hands and try to swim to the other shore of this river of God's grace. To you is the word of this salvation sent. Take this largest of the divine bounty. Though you have gone down into the deepest ditch of libidinous desire and corrupt behavior, though you have sworn all blasphemies until there is not a sinful word left for you to speak, though you have been submerged by the transgressions of a lifetime, though you are so far down in your sin that no earthly help can touch your case—the Lord Jesus Christ bends over you to-day and offers you his right hand, proposing

To Lift You Up,

first making you whiter than snow, and then raising you to glories that never die. "Billy," said a Christian bootblack to another, "when we come up to heaven it won't make any difference that we've been bootblacks here, for we shall get in, not somehow or other, but, Billy, we shall get straight through the gate." Oh, if you only knew how full and free and tender is the offer of Christ this day, you would not take him without one single exception; and if all the doors of this house were locked save one, and you were compelled to make egress by only one door, and I stood there and questioned you, and the gospel of Christ had made the right impression upon your heart to-day, you would answer me as you went out, one and all: "Jesus is mine, and I am his!" Oh, that this might be the hour when you would receive him! It is not a gospel merely for footpads, and vagrants, and buccaneers; it is for the highly polished, and the educated, and the cultured as well. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Whatever may be your associations, and whatever your worldly refinements, I must tell you, as before God I expect to answer in the last day, that if you are not changed by the grace of God you are still down in the ditch of sin, in the ditch of sorrow, in the ditch of condemnation, a ditch that reaches into a deeper ditch, the ditch of the lost. But blessed be God for the lifting, cleansing, lustrating power of his Gospel.

The voice of free grace cries: "Escape to the mountain;
For all that believe, Christ has opened a fountain.
Hallelujah! to the Lamb who has bought us for pardon;
We'll praise him again when we pass over Jordan."

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Curb in Horse.

Subscriber, North Bend, Nebraska: A curb of a year's standing is not easily overcome. However, much benefit, if not entire cure, may be had by first examining the part and its surrounding to ascertain if there is any heat. In curbs of long standing there is much less inflammation than those produced by recent sprain of the calcaneo-cubold ligament. The first thing to be done is to give a cathartic. This may be 12 ozs. of raw linseed oil. Then apply to the part tincture of arnica, 2 ozs.; vinegar, 1 quart; water, 1 quart. Dip flannels in this and wrap them around the leg from about four inches above to four inches below the curb, keeping them wet with the above lotion for at least three days, or until all inflammation is gone. Then for four days give half an ounce saltpetre in drinking water, morning and evening. The system of the animal is now ready for the blister. Take of biniodide of mercury (red iodide), 1 drachm; vaseline, 7 drachms. Mix, and after cutting the hair away from over the curb, apply a little of this every night. The discharge must be softened once a day with hot soapsuds water. Keep this up for about ten days, and then heal with fresh lard. Before beginning treatment shoe the animal with a high-heeled shoe. After healing the part blistered, turn the animal out for about a month on grass, or keep him in a wide stall for that length of time, if possible. Feed warm mashes twice a week. Give no corn.

Specific Opthalmia.

G. A. B., Buffalo, Mo.: Your letter indicates that your horse was attacked with specific opthalmia, which is a grave constitutional affection. It occurs again and again until the eye gets smaller than its fellow, or cataracteous, or entirely blind. A single attack may be overcome with counter-irritants, colchicum and alteratives, but after a firm hold there is no cure. The affection may shift to the other eye of the horse. Keep a close watch upon it and if there is evidence that the trouble is shifting to the well eye, write.

Diseased Condition of Blood in Cow.

L. M. P., Wathena, Kansas: The cow you speak of is suffering from a diseased condition of the blood. Give her ¾ lb. sulphate of magnesia, a cupful of molasses, and half an ounce of ginger, stirred in a quart of warm water. Put an ounce of saltpeter in her drinking water twice a day for five days. Then give her in dry food or as a drench, once a day for a week the following: Sulphate of iron, 2 drachms; powdered nux vomica, 1 drachm; powdered gentian, 1 oz. Give her bran mashes once every other day. After this give her sulphur, 2 ozs; ginger, ¾ oz. in gruel every third day for four times. Feed no mouldy hay or corn, and do not let her stall besmeared with green clover or other grass. A moderate quantity is good for her. Examine her for lice.

Wind Sucking.

Subscriber, Dudleyville, Ill.: Wind sucking in horse is considered incurable. As a preventative, use a strap with two pounds of iron opposite the lower part of the jaw. See that the bowels of the horse act properly, and that the teeth are in good condition.

Foul Claw in Cows.

O. K. J., Platteville, Wisconsin: Your cows are troubled with a disease known as foul in the foot, or foul claw. In some cows this is associated with consumption or scrofulous condition in which case a cure is not certain, but in most instances it is the result of overgrowth of the hoof, which strains the parts, irritation from pebbles, thorns, dirt or other foreign substances. The first thing to be done is to remove all loose horn, dirt or foreign substances. Then place the animal in a clean, dry stall, and poultice the foot for a day or two, if there is inflamation. If the pus has burrowed into the surrounding tissues of the foot, syringe with carbolic acid and water, one part of the former to ten of the latter. Then take of chloride of zinc 15 grains; water 1 oz., apply with a feather to every part affected. Dampen small pledgets of tow with this and fasten them in the wound with bandages. In desperate cases of this kind it is necessary to call a veterinary, who casts the animal and trims the hoof freely. To be successful in curing the space between the claws must be thoroughly cleansed, so long as there is any irritating substance, it will be difficult to reach a permanent cure.

Locks Like a Case of Strangles.

C. H. G., Millersville, O.: Is the lump you speak of in the space within the lower jawbone of your colt, and is it hot and tender? If so, you have a case of strangles on your hands. This trouble usually begins with a common cold, and the real evidences of the disease is not exhibited for some time afterwards. Apply, at once, a warm poultice to the part and get it to a point as soon as possible. If, after a few days, it does not show indications of "coming to a head," rub over the part every other day a little of the following: Iodine, 1 drachm; iodide of potash, 2 drachms; lard, 2 ozs. Mix at a gentle heat. After it has pointed, it may be lanced, and if there are any ulcers afterward that do not heal, touch them with a stick of nitrate of silver. The animal should be fed generously, and half an ounce of saltpetre placed in his drinking water once a day. As we understand your letter there is no swelling of the lining membrane of the nostrils, nor are they of a dark, coppery color, nor are the eyes of the animal weak and watery.

"Bugs" on Little Chicks—White Comb in Fowls.

H. H., Michigan—The "bugs" you discovered on the heads of your little chicks are simply big lice. These are terribly destructive to little chicks. Rub their heads with unsalted lard from the base of their bills to the back part of their heads and the lice, not the chicks, will be stiff and cold. These big lice have no use for fresh lard. You do not clearly describe the trouble with the combs of your fowls, but it is pretty safe to say that it is a disease known as white comb. Take a ¾ of an oz. of vaseline, and rub into it well 3 drops of carbolic acid and rub their combs. Feed your poultry plenty of green food. Let them range about the grass for two hours, at least each day. If you cannot do this, cut nice clean grass and give them plenty of it.

Lump on Calf's Jaw.

A. J. B., Dickey county, Colo.: The lump you describe as loose from the bone and skin on your calf's jaw, would not necessarily indicate tuberculosis of the submaxiliary glands. It may be the result of a bruise. Try this: Iodine, ½ oz.; soap liniment, 1½ ozs. Rub this well in. Do not pinch the lump. If this does not disperse the lump, write again, stating the number of THE BLADE in which this appears.

Lump on Cow's Jaw, Supposed to be Result of a Bruise.

E. C. R., Erie, Kansas: The fact that there was a lump on your cow's jaw that was opened three times, healing over the last time, and now there is a small lump on the same place, would indicate that the lump is of a cancerous nature. However, this may not be the case, if the "core" was not taken out before it healed the last time. Take of iodine, ¾ oz.; soap liniment, 6 ozs., and rub it into the part affected with gentle friction. This will very likely disperse the swelling. If not, and the lump grows and fills with pus, open it freely and inject with chloride of zinc, 1 drachm; water 1 pint. If there is cancerous growth, the knife should be used freely.

Bound Half Way Round Above Hoof of Horse.

Subscriber, North Dorchester, New Hampshire: The bunch on your horse's leg, just above the hoof, is very likely a ringbone. If it has been there for over four months the limb cannot be reduced. If it is of recent growth, fomentations of hot water will help it. Blister with one part cantharides to four parts lard. Rub well in. Repeat in two days. Turn the animal out to grass, or keep him in a wide stall for that length of time, if possible. Feed warm mashes twice a week. Give no corn.

What Is Best to Patten Calves.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some one of the many readers please tell what is best to fatten spring calves quickly for fall market for the butchers?—B. F. W., Illinois.

Something About Millers.

EDITOR FARM BLADE:—In THE BLADE of May 21, a communication appears signed "J. W. Nicodemus," Van Wert, O., in which he utters many facts that cannot truthfully be denied; and the "Combination of Millers" may be responsible for the swindles daily imposed upon the farmers of the country. For 60 lbs. No. 1 wheat we now receive from 50 to 80 cents; bran is good, but frequently very inferior flour, from which good bread cannot be made by the best bread maker, and this from the "new process" mills. Years ago, when we had the old-fashioned burr-stone water mills, we received (after the wheat was legally tolled) 39 to 42 lbs. of superfine flour, from 60 lbs. of good wheat (usually Mediterranean, a red wheat), and the reason we do not now receive as much good flour from the new process the millers, I presume, could explain, and especially when they admit that they make several pounds more of flour from a bushel of good wheat than could be made by the old burr-stone mills. What shall we do? Sit quietly down, and pocket the insult and swindle?—D. W. H. HOWARD, Winameg, Ohio.

The Farmers' Alliance—A Few Words to Mr. Stine.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I was very much interested in Mr. Stine's letter in regard to the binding twine. He says that "the factories are offering it to the Farmers' Alliance for 11¼ cents per pound, while outsiders have to pay from 18 to 20 cents," and he thinks it unjust.

Now, what on earth is there to prevent Mr. Stine or any honest farmer or laborer from being an Alliance man? If every good, honest farmer would join the Farmers' Alliance we would see things move. The Farmers' Alliance was started in this county January 1, and now we have a membership of about 2,000 in the county, and new lodges are being organized every week.

The Farmers' Alliance is not a political party in one sense of the word, and in another it is. We propose to vote for men to make our laws out of our own ranks—good, honest farmers, and we have some that are as well educated as any one in our land. How can the laboring men expect to better their condition when they only elect bankers and lawyers to office that are owned and controlled by the railroad companies. Now, Mr. Stine, come out squarely and be a Farmers' Alliance man. We work for the mutual benefit of each other. We intend to vote for such men for office as will best represent us, regardless of party, be they Republican or Democrat, Greenbacker or Mugwump—men that are men, and not these slick tongued fellows that go around trying to get into office.

There are altogether too many men like my father was. He would have voted for the devil if he was a member of the party to which he belonged.

Now, brother farmers, look this matter squarely in the face, and see if the Alliance principle is not right. We are the laboring class. We work hard and sell our corn for 14 cents per bushel, pay the banker 3 per cent a month for the use of money to pay our taxes, and then send them to the legislature.

Last fall I voted for a banker for legislature, (and I am ashamed of it, too.) He got up before an audience and pledged himself that if he were elected he would not vote for a certain bill that was to come up, and he did not; but he had the bill presented, and worked as hard as he could to get it through, but when it came to the vote he did not vote.

Brother farmers, we have no use for such men. Let us band ourselves together and vote for honest farmers. You can join the Alliance or not, as you choose, but there is nothing in it that could possibly be objectionable to any one. You see what we have done with the binding twine trust. Although Mr. Stein says that many outside of the Alliance signed the pledge that they would not buy a pound of twine without it could be bought at a reasonable price, ten to one I think he has got that rather strong, but at any rate it was the Farmers' Alliance that started the move with the desired result. This is only a start. We intend to strike down monopoly of all kinds, and we can do it if we only hold together.—F. W. CORLIN, Eodell, Neb.

Clouded Milk.

EDITOR BLADE FARM: In answer to E. H., "Our cow gives clouded milk," give the cow five to eight drops of fluid extract of aconite every second day in a little bran mash till cured. Never feed her corn in any shape; too much heat.—H. M. F., Ivan, Mich.

Chinch Bugs.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I would like to hear from farmers and any others interested in agriculture, if any remedy can be, or has been found for chinch bugs. They are very thick here, and seem to be working on the oats, which is a rare thing for this time of year.—GRANGER, Lamar, Missouri.

Flour From Wheat—A Few Questions by Mr. Hobson.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I wish to make a few remarks in reply to Mr. J. A. I. As he classes the farmers as 90 per cent rogues, he will certainly not object to a few questions. Mr. Yellowhammer says he gets 36 pounds of flour per bushel of wheat. We get 28 pounds of flour and a two bushel sack full of bran, if we have four or five bushels of wheat. Mr. J. A. I. thinks it strange that some farmers pass by the home mill with their wheat, and if they have a little corn or dirty chop to grind, the home mill is good enough. Now, it is natural for man, no matter what the trade, if he has a customer from a long way off, to do the best by him he can; therefore a man may make money by going to the distant mill. I would like to get at our home mills. One year ago our wheat was worth 50 cents, and flour was worth $2 per hundred at our home mills; and at the Bluffs wheat was worth 63 cents per bushel, and flour $2 per hundred, and far better flour, too. Now, if our millers were not taking more than their own, was the Bluffs miller not robbing himself? And as we can make a trip to the Bluffs in a day and home again, does it seem strange that we go?—J. W. HOBSON, Malvern, Iowa.

IMPORTANT TO WESTERN GRAIN-RAISERS.

Hon. C. A. King's Presentation of the Railway Discrimination Against Corn and Wheat.

The following paper was prepared by Mr. C. A. King, one of the members of the committee on behalf of the Toledo Produce Exchange, to be presented to the Inter-state commerce commission at its meeting in this city on the 24th. The matter is of interest to all western farmers who raise grain to sell—for the lower the freight-rate the more they will get for their crop:

To the Inter-State Commerce Commissioners:

GENTLEMEN:—The complaints of our Produce Exchange are of unjust discrimination against Toledo. You will find herewith the tariffs of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern and the Michigan Central railroads.

We do not wish to question the right of railroads to obtain fair rates on an equalized basis. In asking a reform of rates we take as a basis the rates established by traffic associations East and West, and agreed upon by railroads, for traffic to New York. By them we find Toledo is charged ten cents per 100 on grain to Buffalo, whereas the pro rata rate to New York is less than seven cents per 100.

As to transportation to Boston and Boston points, the L. S. & M. S. and M. C. railroads are in control of the business on the basis of 16½ cents per 100 to New York, and 24½ cents per 100 to Boston. That is, for an additional distance of 56 miles, about 42 per cent in excess of the New York rate, which rate was established and is maintained by agreement of the roads in traffic associations as a fair compensation.

The discrimination falls heavily upon an inter-state traffic, which is a large item in the business of the country and of railroads.

Let us look at the importance of this. We find that the corn belt, composed of the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri, raised, in 1885, 1,339,248,000 bushels of corn. The estimate is that 80 per cent is consumed at home, while 20 per cent seeks transportation, which would be 247,849,200 bushels. Our exports for the crop year following were 64,320,000 bushels, leaving 183,529,200 bushels seeking transportation to states not raising enough for their own consumption, which largely goes to New England. This estimate, after careful study, is to say that the traffic of railroads, lakes and canals goes far to confirm the estimate as correct.

We call your attention to the importance of adjusting rates for this inter-state commerce, as cereals are low in price. A bushel of corn does not pay the producer for shipment an average of 24 cents per bushel; and the large markets, say for three-fourths of it, are discriminated against to the extent of 42 per cent, at least, over the rates agreed upon by railroads as fair transportation.

We therefore respectfully ask you to adjust these rates, as the title of your law provides for protection to our agricultural interests, and ultimately the traffic of our railroads—for any and all injustice to agriculture will ultimately reduce the tonnage of railroads, as it is a well established fact that every 100 pounds of beef or pork carries 400 pounds of corn, and Western farmers will be forced to avail themselves of that policy, extending in provisions and go into wool, cheese and butter, and thus further reduce the tonnage.

C. A. KING,
Member Toledo Committee.

A WHITECHAPEL VICTIM.

The Terrible Story of One of the Women Murdered in London.

In his speech at the Presbyterian Synod yesterday evening the Rev. John MacNeill created quite a sensation by telling the following tale: He was speaking of temperance, and said that last Sunday, when he preached a temperance sermon at the Tabernacle, he received a letter that had been written by a lady on the danger of the use at communion of fermented wine. The lady in her letter told of an inherited passion for drink. There were four or five of them—several brothers and two sisters—the children of intemperate parents. Her sister had unfortunately inherited the craving and before she was fourteen had taken to drink. The others became converted and did all in their power to cure their sister, but it was of no use. The sister at length married comfortably and children were born. But the craving for drink grew greater and greater, and at length she was sent to a home for inebriates, where she stayed a year. She left apparently, said the sister, a changed woman. Soon after, however, her husband got a severe cold, and before going out one morning drank a glass of hot whisky—taking care, however, not to do so in the presence of his wife. Then, as was his custom, before leaving he kissed his wife. At once the fumes of alcohol passed into her and in an hour she was a drunk and roaring woman. She went from worse to worse and at last left her husband and her children, one of them a cripple, through her drunkenness. The husband died two years ago, a white-haired and broken-hearted man, though only 45 years old. "Need I add," said the sister in her letter, "what became of her? Her story is that of Annie Chapman, one of the recent Whitechapel victims. That was my sister!"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

PROTECTED IMPISHNESS.
Judge.

ELSIE—"I like to have Mr. Bruin call on us, mamma."

MAMMA—"She's so frank, you know. It is a pleasure, isn't it, dear?"

ELSIE—"Yes. You're so happy after he goes, you forget to punish me for saying naughty, bright things while he's here."

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade dated New York, May 25, says: The reports this week are more encouraging. There are decidedly better crop prospects, and a better feeling in the branches of industry and trade which have been most depressed. Iron, coal and wool look better, and a better trade in cotton is expected to follow the large production here on Thursday.

Greater activity and better prices in the stock market reflect a feeling of increased confidence in the business outlook.

Wool is a shade stronger, because prices asked by growers are much above the markets, and there is little if any change as yet in the attitude of manufacturers. The average of 104 grades of wool on the 15th was 1-10th of a cent higher than May 1. The auction of about $1,500,000 worth of cottons brought prices 7⅛ per cent below those of agents, and is expected to form a basis for more confident trading hereafter.

Accounts from interior cities are without important change anywhere. At Milwaukee, although trade is larger than the last year's it is considered disappointing, because it falls short of expectations, and that is probably the fact at many other points. Collections however, are rather slow there and not over good at Kansas City. Money is everywhere in sufficient supply.

The Western distributing centers are all encouraged by exceptionally favorable crop prospects, which are also felt in speculative markets.

Wheat has declined 1c to 81⅓c, and was even lower during the week; oats have declined 3⅛c and corn ½c, with but moderate sales.

Pork products are a shade weaker and flour 10 to 30c per bbl lower.

A little improvement appears in exports, about 5 per cent over last year for three weeks of May, but the increase in imports is about 17 per cent.

It is an evidence of reviving foreign purchases of securities that gold does not go out more largely. The treasury does not interfere, and offerings of bonds are light; in about a month only $5,000,000 have been purchased at 108, whereas over $7,000,000 were bought last year in the same time at lower prices. The treasury has taken in during the week only $800,000 more than it has paid out. The local money market is amply supplied and steady at 2 per cent on call, and foreign exchange fluctuates scarcely at all. In short, no signs of monetary disturbance appear.

The failures number 229, as compared with 252 last week and 227 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 225.

THE GROWING GRAIN.

The Prospects on the Whole are Very Encouraging.

The following appears in last week's issue of the Chicago *Farmers' Review:* From the information furnished by our correspondents relative to the condition of wheat, oats and barley it would appear that the prospects for grain crops are, on the whole, very favorable in all the territory covered by our report except in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, where drouth still continues.

The condition of winter wheat has changed but little since our last report, the average percentages being slightly lower in Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and Kansas, and a trifle higher in Ohio, Missouri and Wisconsin.

The condition of the spring wheat is unchanged in Minnesota and Dakota. Nebraska reports show some improvement and those from Iowa a slight falling off.

The oat prospects are good in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Michigan, Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa and Wisconsin, particularly in the two states last named.

Reports from Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and Kentucky are not so favorable, doubtless owing to drouth.

The barley-growing sections report the condition of that grain nearly an average in all the states except Dakota, where it falls considerably below 100 per cent.

The usual average has been sown to corn in Illinois and Kansas, but an increase is noticable in other states, particularly in Nebraska, Minnesota and Dakota.

THE YANTIC INJURED.

She Meets a Fierce Atlantic Gale While Blowing Up Direlects.

The United States man-of-war Yantic arrived at New York, on May 25. She had encountered a terrific hurricane on May 21, and had lost foremast, main and mizzen top-masts and several boats.

The Yantic left New York two weeks ago with orders to cruise in the track of several dangerous floating wrecks and endeavor to find and destroy them. "Everything went well," said Commander J. C. Rockwell, "until we reached latitude 38 n., longitude 68 w., last Tuesday. That afternoon, about 3:30, we were struck by a hurricane from the south, which lasted until 6:30 at night.

"Everything had been made as snug as possible, but the force of the wind was terrific, and at the height of the storm we were thrown on our beam ends. The sea, which was very high, climbed directly into the steam launch, which was on the lee side, and filled it with water. Orders were at once given to cut away the launch, but the loss of its weight still failed to right her.

"It was then found necessary to cut away the foremast and that went by the board, carrying with it the main top mast and later the mizzen top mast.

"The ship then righted and though strained and leaking slightly, she was finally put before the wind. For two days we had been running away from the cyclone from the southeast. We were on our beam ends for over an hour."

The derelicts on which the Yantic was operating are wrecked vessels, floating half submerged in the water, and offering, to navigation all the danger of a reef. Water-logged as they are, in most cases they present a great resistance, and are one of the greatest sources of danger which masters engaged in the coasting trade have to contend with.

A CHURCH SENSATION.

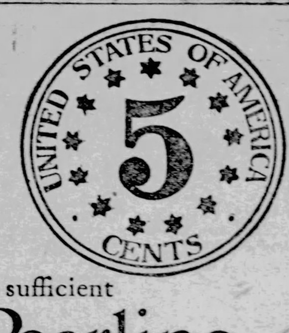
Murder Resorted to in Order to Carry a Point.

Startling revelations in connection with the burning of the Russian church at San Francisco, are coming in. Late Thursday night B. M. Gospchiritch, a member of the church, who has been fearless enough to assert that he believed the fire was the work of a faction of fiends who were anxious to destroy the records of their pilfering of the past, and the roster of illegitimate children born to certain Russian and Greek families in San Francisco, was set upon by five men, one of whom struck him with a heavy iron bar, cutting a deep gash in his chin and nearly breaking his jaw.

He had sufficient presence of mind left to fire a shot from his revolver at them while on the ground, and the would-be assassins retired.

The scandal dated back ten years.

Bishop Kledovousky, who attempted to root out some of the immoralities, was murdered. His murderer or murderers were never prosecuted. Since that time the church has been split up into two or more factions, and it is charged that thousands of dollars, received from Alaska and the proceeds from property in the hands of church officials, have been squandered.



Will buy sufficient

Pearline

to do a large wash—
Clean a house,

or enough of both to prove to any woman its wonderful dirt-removing and labor-saving qualities. Costs almost nothing, but makes the dirt jump. Does it hurt the hands or clothing?—NO, it is harmless. Many millions of packages used every year—no complaints, but many women write: cannot get along without PEARLINE.

Caution Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled but sold by all good grocers. 146 Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

LAURA BRIDGMAN DEAD.

The Celebrated Deaf, Dumb and Blind Woman—Aged Sixty Years.

Miss Laura Dewey Bridgman, the celebrated deaf, dumb and blind subject, died at Boston on May 24, at the Perkins Institution for the Blind. She was born in Hanover, N. H., December 21, 1829. When she was two years old scarlet fever deprived her of her sight and hearing, and consequently of speech. Her sense of smell was also destroyed, and that of taste much impaired, leaving only that of touch intact.

At age of eight years she was placed in the Perkins Institution, where the superintendent, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, undertook the difficult task of instructing her.

Dr. Howe, assisted by Miss Drew, began her first lesson by giving her the word "knife," which was printed in raised letters on a slip of paper, and read by moving her fingers over it, as the blind do in reading. Then she was given this knife so that she could feel the label on it, and the sign indicating likeness, which was made by placing side by side the forefinger of each each hand, was conveyed to her. By repeating the process with other articles she was taught to associate with the word represented the objects to which they were affixed. To form words from letters she was supplied with metal types, and in less than three days she learned the order of all the letters of the alphabet. In about two months she began to use alphabetical signs as made by the fingers, examining an object and learning its name by placing her right hand over it, the teacher, who spelled it with her fingers. Then she learned the words herself.

After she had learned about a hundred common nouns she was taught the use of verbs, then of adjectives. She learned so write slowly, and later to talk by means of the mysterious finger alphabet, and used it frequently in animated conversation. In walking through a passage way, with her hands spread before her, she knew every one she met and gave them a passing sign of recognition, but she embraced affectionately her favorites, and expressed the varied language of the emotions by the tips as well as by the fingers. She also learned grammar, arithmetic and a little of music. Later on she studied algebra, geometry, philosophy and history.

A remarkable faculty was her ability to read character, and this she did literally at her fingers' ends. She was very thought ful of her friends and liked to aid the poor. At the time of the famine in Ireland she bought, by the sale by work she had done, a barrel of flour, which was sent to the sufferers. In the summer of 1852, when she was twenty-three years old, she undertook to make her permanent home in her father's house in Hanover, but she became so homesick that at last she was confined to her bed, and Dr. Howe, who was then in Europe, found that she was almost at death's door. She was brought back to the institution, where she remained up to the time of her death, 52 years. The facts of her life have been referred to by theologians, philosophers and medical men all over the world, and her physical and mental condition aroused the greatest interest until the hour of her death. On Jan. 29, 1842, Laura was visited by Charles Dickens, who was so much interested in her that he remained several hours. His visit is described in his "Notes on America."

Other Deaths.

Most Rev. Pierce Power, bishop of the Catholic diocese of Waterford and Lismore, Ireland, is dead; William Wright, Ll. D., professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, is dead, aged 60; in Newport, R. I., George H. Calvert, a lineal descendant of Lord Baltimore, and well-known as scholar and author, aged 87; in Prospect, Me., Margaret Kilman, aged 100.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

ILLICIT SEALING.

The Treasury Department Stirred Up—Two British Vessels in Behring Sea.

The sending of the English flagship Swift-Sure, and the Amphion to Sitka with orders to cruise in Behring sea, has caused quite a stir in official circles at Washington. The Treasury department has time and again called the attention of the government to the fact that ships flying the English flag are engaged in illicit sealing in Behring sea.

In most cases these vessels are well armed, and our revenue cutters, which carry only howitzers, are no match for them. The government has decided that its interests in Alaska shall be protected. The United States steamer Adams, which was under sailing orders for Honolulu, expected to leave on Tuesday, but a telegram has been sent to the commandant of the Mare Island navy yard to detain her.

She will go north in company with the Iroquois, and both vessels will leave early in the week for Sitka.

The State department has decided to assert dominion over the whole North Pacific within the limit defined by our treaty with Russia.

What constitutes the waters of Alaska has long been a complicated question, and if, as appears, the English government is sending war ships to protect Canadian vessels engaged in taking seal north of the Aleutian islands, our government will be confronted with an international question of the gravest importance.

The revenue cutters Rush and Bear and the war ships Adams and Iroquois will be on hand to enforce the law of the country as defined by the treasury department so far as depredations of the seal fishing is concerned.

Our government takes the ground that when we acquired Alaska by purchase in 1867 we also acquired all of its vested rights, sovereignties and jurisdiction of the sea. This question was settled in 1829, when England attempted the same tactics she is now engaged in. Russia showed light and sent a large fleet to these waters to uphold her position. The question was finally settled by arbitration against England. Secretary Blaine is determined in this matter. He maintains that we have exclusive dominion over all that portion of the Pacific ocean known as Behring sea, excepting such as lies east of the Treaty line, bordering on the Siberian coast.

The matter has been discussed in the Cabinet, and the determination of the administration is to enforce all our rights in the matter. If England persists in sending ships of war to protect the Canadian vessels in taking these young seal this government will take vigorous measures to stop it.

The first conflict of authority within this immense area of water claimed and owned by the United States may mean war. It is believed that England, seeing that this government is determined to enforce its rights, even if recourse to force is necessary, will withdraw and submit the question to arbitration, as was done with Russia in 1829.

BLAINE AND HARRISON.

They Are at Peace With Each Other—The Latter is President.

There is not the slightest bit of truth in the rumor sent out recently, as to a row in the cabinet which was alleged to have culminated in the proffering of three resignations. The meeting was harmonious in every respect. It is true that Mr. Blaine is chafed a little because the President will not give him absolute control of the state department, but he realizes that Gen. Harrison is responsible for the administration and to this he bows.

It may be that Mr. Blaine's health will compel him to resign, but when he does go out is will not be because of any row. The President means to be President, and in holding onto his rights and privileges he will do so without scandal to the party.

PENSION DECISION.

A Case of Interest to Soldiers—The Tuttle Case.

Assistant Secretary Bussey has rendered a decision in the pension claim of William Powell, late of company D, 47th Pennsylvania Volunteers. The claimant in his application alleges that on January 9, 1866, while in camp at Cadwalder, Philadelphia, waiting to be mustered out and paid, he was walking in the barracks, when a corporal of his company threw at him a five-gallon demijohn which struck him on the left leg under the knee, inflicting a severe wound from which he has never recovered. This claim was originally rejected on the ground that the injury was received after the applicant's discharge from the service, and that

WASHINGTON---Continued.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made By President Harrison.

The President on May 22 appointed the following named postmasters:

Azariah C. Cooker, Caldwell, O.; Jno. D. Devarman, Londonville, O.; Jno. Shaffer, Laporte, Ind.; Wm. H. Dryden, Martinsville, Ind.; James McD. Hayes, Greencastle, Ind.; J. Claude Hill, Kensington, Ills.; David J. Easton, Union City, Mich.; Eugene C. Haynes, Centerville, Iowa; Jerome L. Harvey, Leon, Iowa; John Mahin, Muscatine, Iowa; Wm. F. Bloebaum, St. Charles, Mo.; Frank D. W. Arnold, Lamar, Mo.; Warren D. Crandall, Brookfield, Mo.; John Thomas, Coolidge, Kas.; Clay M. Wheeler, Fullerton, Neb.; Wm. E. Mansfield, Minot, Dak.; Wm. E. Dwyer, Brenham, Tex.; Philip H. Bruce, Carbon, Wyo.; Henry W. Dean, Visalia, Cala.

The President made the following appointments on May 24:

WILLIAM R. DAY, of Ohio, to be United States District Judge for the Northern district of Ohio.

To be attorneys for the United States: ABIAL LATHROP, of South Carolina, for the district of South Carolina.

JOSEPH N. STRIPLING, of Florida, for the Northern district of Florida.

H. H. JEFFREDS, of Arizona, for the territory of Arizona.

To be United States marshals: JOHN R. MISELL, of Florida, for the Northern district of Florida.

CHARLES P. HITCH, of Illinois, for the Southern district of Illinois.

B. F. GILKERSON, of Pennsylvania, to be second comptroller of the treasury.

S. B. HOLLIDAY, of Pennsylvania, to be commissioner of customs in the treasury department.

DAVID MARTIN to be collector of internal revenue for Philadelphia.

[The appointment of Judge William R. Day, to be United States District Judge for the Federal court, meets with approval. Judge Day formerly sat on the Common Pleas court bench in Stark county, and was elected without opposition. He is a staunch Republican and an intimate friend of the Hon. William McKinley, to whose influence he owes in a large measure his appointment. He is a man of about 40 years of age, a fine lawyer, and stands prominently at the head of the Stark county bar, having always been an active practitioner. In 1883 he successfully conducted Major McKinley's case in his contest with Mr. Wallace for a seat in the House of Representatives. He is a son of Mr. Justice Day, formerly of the Supreme court of Ohio.]

The following appointments were made on May 25:

CHARLES S. ZANE, of Utah, to be chief justice of the Supreme court of the territory of Utah.

JOHN W. HERRON, of Ohio, to be attorney of the United States for the Southern district of Ohio.

MARTIN S. RAGSDALE, of Indiana, timber agent in the general land office.

GEORGE L. WILKINSON, of Missouri, and EDWIN S. HENRY, of Kansas, fourth assistant examiners in the patent office.

FRANK H. ALLEN, of Wisconsin, chief of a division in the pension office.

ROBERT C. SPOONER, of Wisconsin, to be consul of the United States at Prague. He is a brother of Senator Spooner.

The following appointments were made on May 28:

HIRAM SMITH, jr., of Cameron, Mo., to be first deputy commissioner of Pensions.

BENJAMIN M. THOMAS, of Santa Fe, N.M., to be secretary of New Mexico.

ROBERT S. ANDERSON, of Baker City, Or., to be commissioner in and for the district of Alaska, to reside at Cunalaska.

HAY J. COLE, of Spokane Falls, W. T., to be agent for the Indians of the Colville agency in Washington territory.

DR. FRANK BAKER, assistant general superintendent of the Life saving service. (He is at present connected with the Light-house board and is known as the author of many works on medical subjects.

SAMUEL J. RUBY, of Iowa, United States consul at Belfast, Ireland.

To be registers of land offices:

ALEXANDER LYNCH of Florida, at Gainesville, Fla.

JOSIAH M. FOX of Des Moines, Iowa, at Des Moines, Iowa.

JOHN M. HODGE of Abilene, Kan., at Salina, Kan.

JOHN T. APPERSON of Oregon City, Ore., at Oregon City.

PATRICK RALEIGH of Little Rock, Ark., at Little Rock.

HERBERT BROWN of Arizona, at Tucson, Arizona.

To be receivers of public moneys:

VOLNEY J. SHIPMAN of Florida, at Gainesville.

JOHN V. SCOTT, of California, at Shasta, Cal.

ADJUTANT GENERALSHIP.

Speculation as to the Man Who Will Succeed Gen. Drum.

The departure for his home of Secretary Proctor may cause a delay in the settlement of several matters now pending between the White House and the War department, which, it was expected, would be decided this week.

The most important of these is the selection of an adjutant general to succeed Gen. Drum. This matter, it is said, is giving the President considerable trouble and there is a rumor to the effect that the influence behind the two leading candidates, Cols. Whipple and Kelton, is so strong that the President, not caring to ignore either by recognizing the other, is going to cut the Gordian knot by selecting a third man for the place.

In this event Col. Chauncey McKeever's chances would be bright, for the only man between himself and the head of the list, barring the present candidates, is Col. Robert Williams, who is said to be in such bad health as to put him out of the race.

But this conclusion is not generally expected, and the current belief is that either Kelton or Whipple will be appointed.

Secretary Proctor Called Home.

Secretary Proctor, who returned to Washington Saturday afternoon received a telegram on May 27, from his home in Vermont, announcing that his 13-year-old son is dangerously ill, and the secretary left at 11 o'clock for Rutland, Vt. The illness of his son was one of the reasons why the secretary went on to Rutland on his recent trip.

Retired to Private Life.

On May 28 General Drum, the adjutant-general of the army, retired to private life. He has at tained the age of 62 years, has been a most excellent soldier, and has lays down the cares and troubles of office with as brilliant a record as any army officer could possibly have.

Unsatisfied Judgment.

A statement prepared in the office of the solicitor of the treasury shows that there are now 12,693 unsatisfied judgments on the books of that office, representing the sum of $10,595,-111. They cover the period from July 1, 1886, to July 1, 1888, and represent all classes of indebtedness to the government principally from fines, forfeitures and trespasses. There was collected during the same period the sum of $45,000,000. Solicitor Hepburn said this afternoon that he proposed to investigate these old cases with a view to the collection of the whole or a part of the outstanding judgments.

To See His Mother's Birthpiace.

United States treasurer J. N. Huston who has been visiting at Chambersburg, Penn., announced that President Harrison would make a trip to Franklin county during the coming summer to see his mother's birthplace. Gen. Harrison's mother was Elizabeth Irwin, daughter of Archibald Irwin, and she was born about ten miles from here, in Montgomery township. The old stone house in which she was born is still standing and the President has several times expressed a desire to visit his mother's birthplace.

Remitted the Fine.

President Harrison has remitted the fine of $100 and costs, aggregating $150, against Sim Coy, the Democratic politician who is serving a sentence of eighteen months in the Michigan City prison for the election frauds committed in Indianapolis in 1886.

His term will expire in a few days. The petition for the remission of the fine was signed by a number of prominent Republicans, including John C. New.

Land Decision.

First Comptroller Matthews has given an opinion to the commissioner of the general land office that the act of October 2, 1888, making appropriations for survey of public lands during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, does not limit, repeal or suspend the provisions of sections 2,404 and 2,411 revised statutes, and consequently there is no legal bar to the surveying of public lands in Oregon.

Off For a Trip.

The postponed excursion given by Secretary Blaine, in honor of Sir Julian Pauncefote, the new British minister, took place on May 25. By invitation, a select company of Cabinet officers, diplomatic representatives, high officials, and a fair sprinkling of Washington society, boarded the Dispatch at 12:30 in the afternoon and sailed down the Potomac as far as Mt. Vernon.

Bayard-Climben.

The marriage of ex-Secretary Bayard to Miss Mary Willing Climber is announced to take place on June 12, in St. John's Episcopal church in Washington city.

THE HAYTIAN COMMISSION.

A Kick Over Tucker—The Appointments Withdrawn.

As soon as it was announced, on May 27, that Beverly Tucker was to be one of the commissioners to Hayti, there was strong objection from a number of prominent Union men. They insisted that Tucker's record on the Canadian border during the war was one which would not stand even a cursory examination. They referred with extremely vigorous denunciation to Tucker's connection with such ardent Knights of the Golden Circle as "Jake" Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Geo. M. Sanders and J. P. Holcomb, and re-called the dastardly anti-Union plots in which those persons were convicted of being interested in.

Then the President withdrew not only the name of Tucker, but also that of Lew Wallace, and the excuse was put forth that the announcement of the appointments was premature.

Gen. Lew Wallace was a member of the court which convicted Mrs. Surratt, Atzerodt, Payne, Herold and their accomplices, all indicted with Beverly Tucker and others, for plotting to kill President Lincoln, and to perform other murderous and treasonable deeds.

It is generally believed that Mr. Blaine made the appointment of Tucker to please Ex-Senator Henry Davis. All three are interested together in a huge West Virginia coal and iron corporation.

The President, however, had his own way, and after Mr. Blaine had succeeded in having the appointment fixed, decided that it was unfair, and called it back.

A prominent ex-union Ohio general, a man of national prominence, a personal friend of the President, wrote him within an hour after the announcement of the appointment, that the loyal men of the country would never cease to execrate the name of any official who would find place in the public service for any of the men who plotted to fire the northern cities, and so decimate the women and children of the North by the imported ravages of yellow fever and small-pox.

That settled it, and Beverly Tucker is done for.

It was expected that the commission would sail for Port-au-Prince Wednesday next, and Thursday at the latest. The commissioners' instructions had already been prepared and were to have been handed them on the eve of their departure for New York. They are very voluminous and cover, as may be expected, a great deal of ground. Except in a general way, the commissioners themselves are not familiar with the full scope of their instructions.

A new commission will undoubtedly be appointed by the government will be able to set up a claim for a coaling station at Samana bay, under the old concession of the Dominican government to the Samana Bay Company. Samana bay is right on the Mona passage to South America, on the east of the island of Santo Domingo, and commands it in much the same manner as Mole St. Nicholas commands the western or windward passages. These two routes are the only readily available ones through the West Indian group, and with them under our control we could cut off Cuba, in a naval sense, from her European connections.

Our government had a coaling station in Samana Bay at one time, but abandoned it. Subsequently, in 1844, the Samana Bay company, of which Capt. Samuels was a prominent member, obtained from the Dominican government a concession of 2,000,000 acres of land, on which they proposed to establish a commercial station. They paid the rental, but the concession was suddenly revoked—as they claimed, through no fault of theirs. The company asked our government to demand the restoration of the concession or the payment of an indemnity for this infraction of the rights of our citizens, but Mr. Hamilton Fish, who was then secretary of State, refused to take up the matter on the ground that a business contract between citizens of this country and a foreign state was not a proper subject for diplomatic interference. Captain Samuels has appealed to every administration since this unsatisfactory result and he was in town again yesterday, and proposes to present his case through his counsel to Mr. Blaine.

DISCUSSING GERMANY.

Who Will be Minister to Berlin—Foster's Chances.

Practical politicians are now endeavoring to solve the puzzle caused by the Senate's rejection of Murat Halstead's nomination as minister to Germany. Who will secure the place is the question, and there are three or four answers.

Mr. Blaine is emphatic in his belief that William Walter Phelps ought to be the man, but as Mr. Blaine is not President it does not necessarily follow that Mr. Phelps will be selected. Of course Ohio men very naturally insist on the appointment going to one from their own state, and it is more than probable that they will be gratified, but there has been a big indication as to the identity of the fortunate one.

It may be Charlie Foster. A powerful candidate has arisen in General Felix Agnus, proprietor of the Baltimore *American*. He is on excellent terms with the President, is intimate with Mr. Blaine and is a power in Maryland politics.

On the other hand, he is a Frenchman, and this will probably prove to be a serious bar to his being appointed to Berlin. If Harrison nominates him Bismarck will die of apoplexy.

THE SIOUX COMMISSION.

The Gentlemen All Ready for Their Trip Among the Indians.

Ex-Gov. Foster, of Ohio, chairman, and Gen. Warner, of Missouri, of the Sioux commission, are in Chicago, en route to the Sioux country for the purpose of taking up their negotiations. They held a conference with Gen. Crook, the third member of the commission, on May 27, at which it was decided they would charter a combination sleeping and dining car, which will be retained during negotiations and serve as headquarters, following the movements of the commission as nearly as possible.

It is probable the party will start from here on the 29th or 30th. It will, as far as now decided on, consist of the members of the commission, Gen. Crook said, and the official stenographer, a messenger and two or three servants. Col. Corbin, of Gen. Crook's staff, is charged with the necessary arrangements.

Governor Foster said to an Associated Press reporter that nothing in the line of the work of the commission had been and nothing would be done until the commission shall arrive on the ground.

PROBABLY WASN'T DUSTY.

Rain Fell Nearly All the Time During the President's Ocean Trip.

The President and party returned to Washington about noon on May 27 from a cruise down the Potomac in Mr. Smgerly's yacht Restless. The vessel ran down about 45 miles Saturday, and then anchored at 9 o'clock for the night. Early next morning she proceeded about 20 miles farther, off Leonardtown, Md., on Bristow's bay, and remained off that ancient town all Sunday.

The President and all the rest of the party made two visits to the shore for the purpose of walking and driving. They inquired what churches were open and found that there would be no religious services that day. The people soon became acquainted with the fact that the President was in their midst, but made no particular demonstration.

The party left Leonardtown about 9 o'clock last night, and steaming back to the point where the previous night was passed, anchored there again, and remained until 4 o'clock Monday morning, when a start was made for Washington. It rained pretty much during the entire trip.

He Will Not Go Fishing.

The President will leave Washington May 29, at 3:45 o'clock on the congressional limited express for the purpose of participating in the Memorial day exercises in Brooklyn on the 30th inst. He expects to return to Washington Thursday evening. Secretary Tracy and Private Secretary Halford will accompany the President.

Quite a Sum.

The treasury accountants on May 22 completed an estimate of the cash value of the currency, coin and securities turned over to Treasurer Huston by ex-Treasurer Hyatt, and find the total amount to be $722,000,000.

The Sioux Bill.

John Grass, of Standing Rock, the leading chief of the Sioux nation, and White Swan, principal chief at Cheyenne, were in Pierre on May 27. They conversed freely about the Sioux bill, saying that it would be ratified. Only one objection was raised, because the bill did not give the nation the south bank of the Cheyenne river, but the Indians will sign, as the bill provides for the payment of cash, and they want money more than land.

DR. CRONIN'S MURDER.

HISTORY OF THE CASE.

A Brief Resume of the Disappearance of Dr. Cronin.

Dr. P. H. Cronin was a well-known Chicago physician who had been closely connected with a number of Irish societies. On May 5 last he mysteriously disappeared from the home of H. P. Conklin, a saloonkeeper, where he had his residence. On the following day a trunk containing surgeon's cotton and bearing marks of blood, was found in a ditch in the suburbs of the city, and it was at once inferred that this had some connection with the doctor's disappearance.

Since then many rumors concerning the strange mystery have gained circulation. One day the missing man was declared to have been seen in Toronto, the next day information came that he was in New York City and in various parts of New York state. Officers searched all the territory surrounding the bloody trunk and dragged the lake shore along Lincoln park.

Conklin, his landlord, charged that the enemies of the doctor's in the Irish societies to to which he belonged and of whose finances he had an intimate knowledge, were responsible for his disappearance, and declared with positiveness that he had been foully dealt with. An interview which Cronin left on his disappearance, and which asserted that enemies were plotting against his life, lent color to this charge.

It was also said that a few days before his disappearance Cronin had been seen in company with a known British spy, and it was thought this emissary of England had something to do with the case, and that Cronin had gone to London to testify before the Parnell commission. Nothing came of this theory.

But the strangest part of the mystery was the story told by a young man named Woodruff, who was arrested for stealing a horse on the Thursday following the doctor's disappearance. He averred that on the previous Saturday night, in company with two other men of shady character, he had taken from a barn in the vicinity of Cronin's home, a trunk which he said contained the body of a woman, and had driven in a wagon to Lincoln park, where the trunk was opened and pieces of a human body taken out and carried in the basins by his companions. The trunk was then replaced in the wagon and Woodruff driving on dumped it where it was afterward found. He said that the man from whom the body was received at the barn was called "Dr." his confederates, and he believed him to be the missing Dr. Cronin. A search for the body of the woman was fruitless, and other circumstances led the detectives into placing little credence in Woodruff's story. Woodruff gave the names of his confederates, but the police could not find them.

FOUND IN A SEWER.

The Mutilated Remains of Dr. Cronin Discovered.

The dead body of Dr. P. H. Cronin the Irish-American who strangely disappeared from his home in Chicago two weeks ago, was found on May 22, some distance north of the city in a sewer on Evanston avenue. A bloody towel was wrapped about the head. The rest of the body was stark naked. A Catholic emblem, which the doctor always wore next his skin, was suspended about his neck, was untouched. On the dead man's head were a dozen deep cuts which had severed the scalp and indented the skull. It is the opinion of the police that Cronin was foully murdered, and by some man who could not allow himself to disturb a Catholic emblem.

Wholly accidental circumstances brought the corpse to light. A gang of laborers in the employ of the Lake View suburban government have been cleaning the ditches along Evanston avenue during the week. Foreman Henry Roesch and two men were working north, on the east side of Evanston avenue, towards 59th street. As they neared the catch basin at the corner, they noticed a strong smell of putrifying flesh, and Roesch lifted off the top of the catch basin with his spade and uncovered the body of Dr. Cronin. It had, apparently, been hastily pitched into the basin, for the head was underneath and the feet and legs were up in the opening.

The place where the corpse was discovered, 59th street and Evanston avenue, is about three hundred yards from the Argyle Park station of the Chicago & Evanston branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad. It is but two or three blocks from the lake and nearly a mile north from the corner of Sulzer street and Evanston avenue, where the mysterious blood-stained trunk, empty, was found on the day after Cronin's disappearance. It seems altogether remarkable that it was not sooner discovered, for the Lake View police started out to search all the catch basins in the big suburb the week after the trunk was found. Alderman Maxwell of the Lake View council, member of the searching committee, said:

"We started out two days after Cronin's disappearance to search every catch basin along Evanston avenue. There were fifteen men under Capt. Wing and a half dozen volunteers engaged in the hunt for the body. We looked first through all the catch basins in the neighborhood of Sulzer street and Evanston avenue where the trunk was found and east and west from that corner. Then we looked through the basins north and south along Evanston avenue, but finally came to the conclusion that the trunk had been left for a blind and that in all likihood the body had been hidden some distance away. We then went to Graceland and looked through the basins for half a mile up and down the avenue and along the cross streets, and worked five or six days before giving up the search. By mere bad luck we stopped two blocks north of Fifty-ninth street, and consequently missed the catch basin where the body was hid."

Immediately upon taking the body out of the basin Foreman Roesch notified the Lake View police station and summoned the patrol wagon. The body was stretched out in the Lake View morgue, which is located in the front room in the basement of the station. Telephone messages were sent to the city police and an hour after the finding of the body a dozen of Cronin's friends were at the station. The three Scanlan brothers, who have been intimate with Dr. Cronin, were among the first who arrived. They all but positively identified the body as that of Cronin upon first sight. Later it was unqualifiedly identified by T. F. Conklin, the saloon-keeper with whom Cronin lived, and by James Boland and Patrick McCary. During the evening Dr. J. R. Brandt, president of the Cook county hospital staff, who was an acquaintance of Cronin's, carefully examined the body and positively identified it as that of the missing man.

Among many others, the dentist who last worked on Cronin's teeth, reached the station late in the evening and positively identified the body, as did the man who for years had been Cronin's tailor.

A great hubbub was caused in the suburb by the finding of the corpse. Shortly after the body had been removed to the police station the street in front was jammed with vehicles, and scores of people were crowding for admission to the basement where lay the doctor's remains. Officers were stationed on the stairway and at the basement door, and were once or twice obliged to use their clubs in forcing the crowds back. The tumult continued far into the night. Long before midnight at least forty men who had known Cronin had identified the body.

MAKING HEADWAY.

What the Officers Found in the Blood-Stained House.

The key to the Cronin mystery was in a most literal sense brought to light on May 25. In a blood-smeared cottage, which the police had already decided was the scene of the murder, there was found by a detective a brand new key. The officers decided at once to try it in the lock of the mysterious trunk found by the roadside the morning after Cronin disappeared. The key fitted exactly. All doubt now seems to be removed of a genuine connection between the prisoner Woodruff, the doctor's dead body, the trunk, and the blood-stained cottage.

There were blood stains on the floor in the parlor and sitting room, blood stain on the walls and doors, and long streaks of what looked like clotted blood upon the front steps. The officers took precautions to prevent the information they received from becoming public but were not successful, because the old people and their son had already told everything they knew to certain of their relatives. Their son-in-law, John A. Lindgren, was interviewed to-night and told the following story concerning the mysterious tenants of the Carison cottage.

"Mr. and Mrs. Carison are very old people," he said, "and depend upon the rent of the cottage for their living. Notwithstanding their best efforts, it was empty all last summer, and to make matters worse, some time last fall, a man rented it for a month or so but was sent to the penitentiary for embezzlement and had to give up the place. Old Mr. Carlson and John tried in every way to secure another renter but were not able to do so. At last one day last March a man came to the house, went around the back way and called out Mr. Carlson. He asked if the cottage in front was empty and Carlson told him it was. He then asked if it was for rent, and immediately struck a bargain, offering $12 a month."

The old gentleman asked him for money and he took out a pocket-book, which seemed to contain a number of bills counted out the first month's rent and passed it over. He went away saying that next day he would send up some furniture. Mr. and Mrs. Carlson came over to the house that night to tell us that they had rented the cottage. I asked what kind of a man the fellow was, and they said he was apparently not a working man, more like a clerk or a salesman. I remember that Mrs. Carlson said that his hand were very soft. I asked her what his name was, but she said they forgot to ask him.

The man who had rented the house came again in the evening and told them he was not quite ready to move in. He said his sister was in the hospital, that she had been taken suddenly sick, and was thought to be in danger of death. He said before moving in he would wait until she was able to leave the institution, or was taken away altogether. After days the man returned, accompanied by another, and they went into the house they had rented, walked around to the rear and talked to Mr. and Mrs. Carlson. It was then that they told the old folks they were brothers. They said their name was Williams and their sister was still sick, but that the physicians thought she would recover. While they were in the room one of them called the other "Will," They went away, and neither of them returned until the 20th of April. The one who had first called upon the old folks came again and paid them $12 for another month's rent. He said that his sister was still in the hospital.

The old folks are not very well posted in the ways of the world, and believed the stories the men told about the sister in the hospital.

Now that the story of the murder is in the papers, I am very sure that the man saw lights in the cottage on that particular Saturday night. At any rate we all talked it over and decided that there was something wrong, that nobody would pay $12 a month for the house and not use it either for storing furniture or for anything else. We decided that the best thing we could do would be to have them get out if they came around to pay any more rent.

Last Thursday a man came to the house to pay the rent. Mrs. Carlson was alone, but invited him into the sitting room and gave him a chair. He said that he had been sent by Mr. Williams to pay the rent. Mrs. Carlson told him that they did not want to rent the house any more, but intended to sell it.

"Don't do that," he said, "for I know that Williams wants it the worst way next month, because his sister will be out of the hospital in a short time."

Mrs. Carlson listened, and the man asked her what she would take for the house if she wanted to sell it. She said she would take $3,000. He told her that was entirely too much, that he would not give over $2,000. He picked up his hat and went off, and said he would be back probably the next day to take the furniture away.

The strange part of it is that the man called to pay the rent almost two weeks after Cronin's disappearance, and Mrs. Carlson is positive that he was not one of the men who called before. The man did not come for the furniture the next day and it is in the house yet. We talked about the matter a good deal to the neighbors, but did not say a word to any of the policemen, and Mrs. Carlson was greatly surprised when Capt. Wing walked into the house and said he wanted the key to the cottage.

TAKEN TO HIS GRAVE.

A Remarkable Funeral Held in Chicago Sunday.

In all its details the funeral of Dr. P. H. Cronin on May 26, was a most remarkable affair. From one end of the big procession to the other, through the endless crowds on the streets, among the throng in the great cathedral, aboard train after train that passed the fatal cottage, the dead man's fearful fate was present in every mind.

The corpse had been lying in state in the Cavalry armory on the lake front, the most central point in the city, and there the morbid and curious, with the dead man's friends, made their pilgrimage.

After hours had passed and the throng which passed over the platform to view the remains seemed as endless as ever, the pall-bearers of the Chicago & Evanston branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad. It is but two or three blocks from the lake and nearly a mile north from the corner of Sulzer street and Evanston avenue, where the mysterious blood-stained trunk, empty, was found on the day after Cronin's disappearance. It seems altogether remarkable that it was not sooner discovered, for the Lake View police started out to search all the catch basins in the big suburb the week after the trunk was found. Alderman Maxwell of the Lake View council, member of the searching committee, said:

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

GERMANY YIELDS.

Malietoa Will be King—Doings of the Samoan Conference.

From certain indications at the rooms of the American delegates, as well as at the quarters of the English commissioners and at the German foreign office, it is evident that there is some serious hitch in the negotiations of the Samoan commission. Mr. Phelps, who is known as "The Peacemaker," both in the conference and in the working committee, is in evident trouble. First, he is interviewing an English commissioner in his own rooms, then he is hurrying off to the foreign office, where he remains for some time closeted with the German representatives, and then repeating the process.

When asked as to the situation, Commissioners Phelps, Kasson and Bates say that there is no great change, and that everything is progressing satisfactorily. Both the German and English commissioners refuse to talk on the subject, but it is learned from other sources that the United States government has instructed its commissioners to insist upon the return of Malietoa as king. A message is said to have been received from Secretary Blaine within the past 36 hours directing the commissioners to insist upon the restoration of the status quo and saying that Germany deposed Malietoa as king and must return him as king. They may haggle about indemnity or a unit or dual or tripartite government if they please, but Malietoa must be king.

While the Germans have come to agree with all the other views of the American commissioners they are reluctant to accept this condition, and point to the fact that Malieton was pardoned by the German emperor at the beginning of the conference. This, they claim, should satisfy America.

The special correspondent of the Associated press was informed, on May 22, that Germany has finally consented to restore King Malietoa. This action was taken finally after prolonged and persistent efforts on the part of the American commissioners. But now comes another hitch in the negotiations. This fresh difficulty grows out of the claim for indemnity made by Germany.

The American section of the conference holds that if any indemnity is paid it must be a merely nominal sum. Germany, on the contrary, insists that in the conflicts between the German forces and Samoans, the latter were invariably the aggressors. Besides the native partisans of King Malietoa were guilty of the barbarous practices of beheading German sailors, as well as inflicting upon the wounded particular cruelties. These acts, Germany insists, should entail upon Samoa the payment of special indemnity. Earnest efforts are making in committee to settle the dispute, but the matter is very likely to require a reference to the plenary conference.

THE ORIENT.

A Remarkable Earthquake—Oriental Intelligence.

The Occidental and Oriental company's steamship Belgic arrived at San Francisco on May 21, bringing Chinese and Japanese advices to May 2. Japan mail and newspapers say an earthquake of the most unusual character was recorded at 2:07 p. m. April 18, in the seismological observatory of the Imperial University at Tokio. The peculiarity of the phenomenon was not in its violence, but in the extreme slowness of its oscillation.

The vibrations were chiefly south and north. There were a few vertical motions at very distant periods. The phenomenon lasted 10 minutes and 36 seconds, no damage being done as yet reported.

Yokohama papers give an account of the severe punishment of two Japanese journalists who published, with a sketch, a cartoon picture of a skeleton on the Emperor's throne.

One was sentenced to three years' imprisonment and fined, while the other received one year in prison and was fined.

Prince Bismarck is to receive the Japanese decoration of the first order of merit and grand order of Rising Sun for his services in treaty revision and engagement of imperial advisors.

Heavy floods have done great damage in several provinces and in the city of Kioto.

Robert T. Lincoln.

Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, the new American minister, has taken up his residence at No. 5 Cadogan Square, London. Mr. Henry White, of the American legation presented Mr. Lincoln to Lord Salisbury at the foreign office on May 23.

Will Adjourn Friday.

The Parnell commission will adjourn Friday until June 18. Permission has been given to the imprisoned members of Parliament, Messrs. Condon and John O'Connor, to come to London and testify before the commission.

The Pope Will Protest.

It is said that the Pope will protest at the coming consistory against the erection of the proposed monument in honor of Giordano Bruno, the Italian philosopher, who was burned as a heretic in 1600.

Presented to the Senate.

The heir-apparent was formally presented to the Roumanian senate on May 22, in the presence of the royal family.

Strikes in Belgium.

Serious strikes are reported in many parts of Belgium. At Seraing and Liege 900 colliers have quit work.

The Shah's Trip.

The Shah of Persia arrived at Moscow on May 22. He was welcomed with military honors by Gen. Dolgouroff.

Forty-Five Drowned.

Forty-five persons lost their lives through the floods in Bohemia.

Joined the Navy.

Prince George of Greece has joined the French navy.

HAWES SENTENCED.

The Murderer of His Wife and Children will Die on the Scaffold.

In the Criminal court, at Birmingham, Ala., on May 24, Dick Hawes was brought out for sentence. Judge Greene had deferred sentence for the reason that it was desirable that but few persons be present.

As the prisoner entered the court-room the deep anxiety caused by his desperate situation was plainly portrayed by the lines upon his face. Hawes has changed considerable since his trial and looks badly. When ordered to stand up for sentence he arose slowly. his frame shuddered and his head was bowed. In response to the question as to what he had to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, Hawes replied:

"I do not think I have had a fair trial, but hope the Supreme court will grant me one. I could say much more, but do not believe it would do any good."

Judge Greene then sentenced Hawes to be hanged on July 12, next.

OFF FOR BERLIN.

Murat Halstead on the Bosom of the Rolling Deep.

Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, who missed the German mission owing to the opposition of the Senate, will have an opportunity to explain the situation to the Emperor of Germany and to meet Bismarck.

He sailed on May 23 on the Hamburg fast liner, Augusta Victoria, for Hamburg and will proceed directly to Berlin.

It is understood that he intends making his appearance at the German court without delay, and there is a rumor to the effect that President Harrison may reappoint him and give him a chance to represent the United States in Germany until the reassembling of the Senate.

A Cattle Quarantine.

Based upon resolutions adopted by the live stock sanitary committee, the governor of Michigan, has issued a proclamation prohibiting the importation of Texas cattle or any other cattle raised south of the 36th parallel of north latitude until the 1st day of November next, except such as are in transit across the state, to be unloaded only at yards designated for the purpose and which are placarded "For the feeding of Texas cattle only."

Mrs. Gov. Brough Dead.

Mrs. Caroline A. Brough, widow of John Brough, the noted war governor of Ohio, died in Cincinnati on May 22, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. C. W. Gerard, after a week's illness. Her remains were taken to Cleveland for burial beside those of her husband.

A Cloud Burst.

A cloud burst occurred at Nashville, a village of Indiana, on May 23. Great damage resulted from it, cellars being inundated and the first floors of business houses and residences being filled to a considerable depth with water.

WILL MAKE OBJECTION.

Important Questions for the Amalgamated to Settle.

The annual convention of the Amalgamated association of Iron and Steel workers will open at Pittsburg, beginning Tuesday, June 4, and will be one of the most important gatherings of that body ever held. Some significant suggestions have been made by the different lodges, and one of them will be specially considered.

A proposition has been made to form a scale which will continue for two or three years, but will be based on the manufacturers' card rate for bar iron. It is also proposed to change the scale in the steel mills in accordance with Andrew Carnegie's ideas; but his scale is not acceptable, and will not be agreed to by the organization. The association, it is said, is willing to extend the time of the scale, but will not change it to the selling price of steel, as proposed.

They may make some concessions, as far as the maner of paying the men is concerned, but will not accept any reduction on the present wages.

Will Take in Alaska.

Ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt and Gen. Russell A. Alger have decided to spend the summer in Alaska. All details of the trip have been arranged, even to the date of departure. They will leave New York on June 20, in General Alger's private car, Michigan, and will journey by rail to Tacoma, in the new state of Washington. From this they will embark in a steamer which will convey them to Alaska. Mr. Platt will be Gen. Alger's guest on the trip. They expect to be away two months or more.

Ohio Democrats.

The Ohio Democratic state committee has fixed the state convention for Dayton, August 27 and 28.

GENERAL NEWS.

ELEVEN MILLION ACRES.

To Be Thrown Open for Settlement—The Oklahoma Craze Will Be a Baby Compared to the One in South Dakota.

A New York *World* special from Pierre, South Dakota, says that 11,000,000 acres of land to be thrown open to settlement under the Homestead law—that, in a nutshell, is what the Sioux commission is expected to accomplish. If, as is confidently expected, the commission secures the signatures of two-thirds of the adult Indians on the great Sioux reservation, this enormous tract of land will be opened within three or four months, and a rush of settlers may be looked for that will make the recent Oklahoma craze seem a tame and insignificant affair.

Eleven million acres! An empire in extent, yet only one-half of the great Sioux reservation, which contains 22,010,043 acres. The southern boundary of the reservation is the Niobrara river in Nebraska, its eastern the Missouri, its northern the Cannon Ball, which flows a few miles south of Bismarck, N. D., and its western the 103d meridian, which runs through the Black Hills. The reservation may be said, in general terms, to embrace an area averaging 225 miles in length by 140 in width. A barrier to civilization, the great reservation stands between the people of the East and one of the richest mining sections of the country. Eleven million acres is more land than most people think it is. It is as large as Massachusetts and New Hampshire. This great transfer might be called a sale of states if it was not all in South Dakota, and only less than a fourth of the new state—the 39th star.

The strip (in New England it would be called a state) from the Missouri to the Black Hills is watered by three rivers rising in the Hills and emptying into the Missouri. Through the center runs Bad river (a misnomer) to the Missouri opposite the city of Pierre. The valley of this river is several miles in width, and for nearly two hundred miles is the old stage trail from Pierre to Deadwood. It is an ideal valley. It is covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, not as high as it will be in July, but more attractive to the eye. There is the running water and the green panorama, but no life, animal or human, save an occasional antelope, (buck) and ki-ko-ko-ho (owl